

The "JOHN BULL" PEN Special Display.—See page iii of cover

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII, NO. 582. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1917. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

085896

For meaning of this
number see p. iii of cover.



Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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THIS is a handkerchief showing 16 portraits of the most famous personages of the Allied Nations connected with the War.

The portraits are in colours that are fast to washing, and each portrait is a faithful reproduction of an excellent and copyright photograph.

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BY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



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"I'll have the car round early, and we'll go straight to the 'Midland' and furnish our home then and there. You shall have all the beautiful things you've set your heart on. You can't help finding them at the 'Midland': they give you £100,000 worth of furniture to choose from."

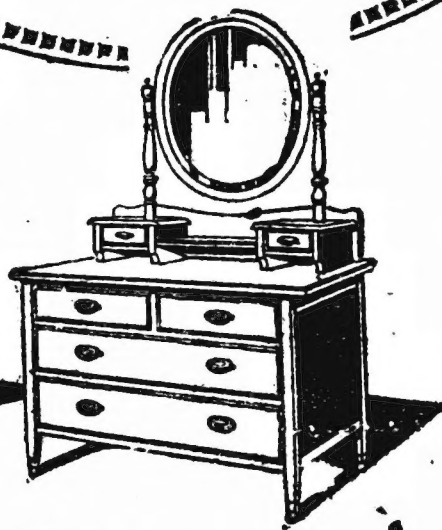
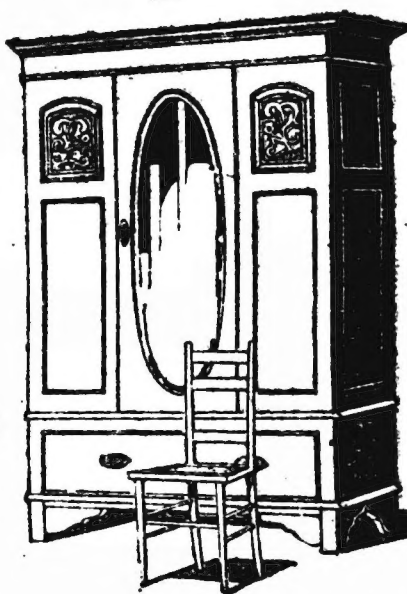
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Bath Towels, hemmed, 21 x 41 in., 24/6; 24 x 50, 33/-; Hemstitched, 24 x 45 in., 25/6; 27 x 50, 35/-; 33 x 61, 45/- per doz.

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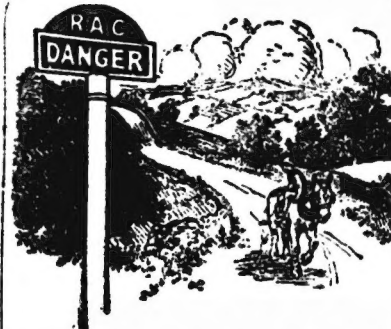
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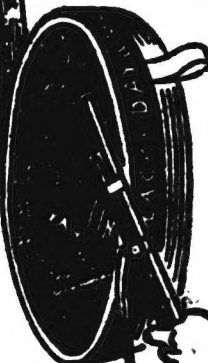
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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXII. No. 582.

Week ending Saturday, July 28th, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The House of Windsor.

The Guelphs are dead—long live the Windsors! Now for the removal of the Prince of Wales' German motto—and then all will be well.

Mr. Chamberlain.

Having specifically placed himself in the hands of the Mesopotamia Commission, Mr. Chamberlain, of course, on its findings, had to throw up his job; but he might have "quitted" more gracefully than in snarling about the "clamour of an ill-informed and passionate mob." Passionate, yes—and well may they be; but with the Report, and JOHN BULL's disclosures, who shall say that they are ill-informed?

The New Ministers.

Listen to these views of the leading papers on the new Ministerial appointments:—*The Daily Mail*: "Dr. Addison leaves the Ministry of Munitions, where he has done admirable work"; *the Morning Post*: "Dr. Addison has made every blunder which it is possible for a Minister to make." *Daily Chronicle*: "The nation will be glad to see the Admiralty freed from Sir Edward Carson"; *The Times*: "He has been an excellent First Lord of the Admiralty." What a game it is!

Our View.

For ourselves, we wish them luck. They shall have a fair trial so far as we are concerned. But we cannot resist referring to the irony of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain resigns his position as Secretary for India because his conduct was censured—and Mr. Montagu, who when Under-Secretary was probably much more responsible for Indian war policy, gets the job! Again we say, *what a game it is!*

Black Michael.

That is the name we give the new German Chancellor—black in heart, and black in outlook. His "terms" leave us quite cold.

A Fool Censor.

Who was the fool of a Censor who passed some of the accounts of the King's visit to the front? No greater injury to the throne has ever been perpetrated.

"The Munitions Muddle."

Look out for a big scandal in connection with munitions—a discrepancy of millions in the matter of accounts. And there are rumours about spelter transactions which Mr. Churchill, the new Minister, would do well to look into. Questions in the House of Commons should result in startling disclosures.

The General Election.

Recent events have upset the Premier's plans, and the election may now be put off till the Spring. It had been intended to synchronise it with the big new Offensive which the troubles of Russia have delayed. Trust the little Welshman to time it correctly!

Rhodes' Dream.

What about the strip of land, the essential link for Rhodes' All-Red Route from Cape to Cairo, through "German" East Africa, which looks like being given to another Power?

A Judge's Compliments.

Although we would have preferred our costs, we appreciate the compliments which Mr. Justice Darling was good enough to bestow upon us. "The only people who make Mr. Bottomley a defendant are they who have never seen him in Court," said his Lordship. But surely, by this time, the number of such people must be very small.

This is a Joke—

Thus the *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star*:—"Mr. Bottomley, who believes that the Austrian Emperor will shortly abdicate, has his eye on the vacant throne. Mr. Billing expects to be asked to supplant Lord French, and Mr. Blatchford is said to be intriguing for the editorship of Old Moore's Almanack or *The Times*." We have no knowledge of the plans of our co-conspirators, but the first step we shall take after ascending the Austrian throne will be to sue for a separate peace with the Allies.

This Isn't!

It is from the *Saturday Review*—which never jokes. "We propose that a new Cabinet should be formed of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Mr. Maxse, and Mr. Pemberton Billing, and that they should form a government of thirty, who should be selected by lot from the House of Commons, and whose sole qualification should be that they had none of them ever served in any previous Administration. They might live in history as the Thirty Tyros." Our august brother's political judgment is sound enough—albeit that his arithmetic is a bit groggy.

More Fame.

From an essay on "Great Men," written by a schoolboy, aged 11:—"John Bull was born a poor orphan, he was well educated by a wealthy relation, when he was about thirty years of age, he began horse betting, and he won two thousand pounds. He built two or three offices, and during this war he has been a friend to the soldier and sailor, and to their wives and widows. He is something like a phrovēt." Alas, we are no longer amongst the "Phrovets."

Air Raids. Have you availed yourself of our Free Insurance? See page iii of Cover.

Waiting.

The public is anxiously awaiting the first criminal prosecution, under the elastic Defence of the Realm Act, of a really big profiteer.

Name!

Who is the congenital idiot responsible for the rule that soldiers home from the war may not purchase such harmless comforts as cigarettes or chocolates after 8 p.m.? We are suffering from a plague of slobbering cranks.

And the Next.

Is Spain going to be the next country to declare for a Republic? If so, what a change from 1555, when Charles the Fifth ruled over a sixth part of the then known world, including under his sway Spain, Germany, Flanders, Italy and the East and West Indies!

London's Chance.

Long ago we suggested a penny subscription for the purchase, or manufacture, of air craft for home defence. If the Lord Mayor of London would take that idea up, Londoners would subscribe money enough for air craft to remain permanently on duty over the Capital.

Bulgaria.

Can any reader help another with information about prisoners in Bulgaria? The British Red Cross, she says, "seem to know nothing." A parcel was sent to her lad last October, when he wrote from Bulgaria, but not a word has got through since. If anyone has succeeded in communicating lately with our prisoners out there, a tip might be of service.

The British Sailor.

The new ships of the standardised order for Great Britain are to be a vast improvement on the old vessels as far as comfortable quarters for crews is concerned. This is another victory for JOHN BULL. When shall we hear of decent pay for firemen and crews, so that all our ships may be manned by British sailors? JOHN BULL demands this also: fewer millionaire owners and all crews fairly paid—we mean to agitate till we get these things.

Pay Proper Pensions.

From the evidence before the Committee of Inquiry into the re-examination of discharged and rejected men, it is clear that the admission to the Army of the unfit—the "veritable weeds" of Mr. Barnes—has resulted from a definite policy on the part of the military authorities. In these circumstances we hope the Pensions Minister will be the first to recognise that the men concerned have the strongest equitable claim to generous consideration at the hands of the Pensions Department.

The Murphy Ramp.

One of our representatives went out boating t'other day. Not being in search of balmy breezes and spicy odours, he took oar from Barking Creek—where, as the poet has told us, "it ain't all lavender." It was still worse down the river, somewhere in the vicinity of the Arsenal Testing Grounds. Three barges were there, filled with rotten potatoes. He could see them—and anybody could smell them from the distance. It was hopeless to think of securing any for specimens; they were too far gone. Our man estimates that the quantity under notice—and under his nose—was over 200 tons. They had been brought from wharf and left in mid-stream. At night a tug takes them down river, and they are landed and burnt. Locally, it is said the occurrence is not unusual, but of course we can only vouch for what was actually seen. And smelt. They were some of the potatoes we could not buy.

Too Much Holiday.

A Coventry hand, who has heard we have not sufficient aeroplanes, tells us one reason why. He says that six days' compulsory holiday at Whitsun, six days' strike after that, and ten days' compulsory holiday to come in August, amount to too many days off. Aeroplane workers would prefer to "get on with it." The figures *do* mount up, especially when you count the men's time by hours.

Hun-garian.

The following words are copied from a bill-head coming, quite recently, from the shop indicated: "B. Hochmann, Hungarian, Watch Maker and Jeweller, 353, Edgware Road, W." Hungarian!—and proud of it! If it pleases the Home Office to permit the Hun-garian to carry on his trade in the middle of London, it might at least beg him to be good enough not to flaunt his origin in his business printing.

A Scandalous Incident.

The other day, it seems, a party of Germhun prisoners were being conveyed in motor-buses to the Alexandra Palace, the vehicles being so crowded that they failed to mount the steep incline leading to the camp. In this difficulty the officer in charge of the party is said to have ordered a number of British soldiers to push the vehicles up the slope, while the Huns remained seated inside. If this was what really happened it was a monstrous shame, and it says much for the discipline of the British Army that the indignity was suffered in silence by the soldiers concerned.

Honoured Too Late.

John Carroll was a reservist of eight years' service. He went through the Boer war; he was a hero of Mons. He died in Skipton workhouse. He went into the sanatorium there last April, came out to find work, but was obliged to return. He had no pension, and the local War Pensions Committee could not help him because "he was not then in the Army and had no dependents." So they buried him "with full military honours." Thank God, they honoured him after death; but what in the name of Heaven are "funds" for, if not to help such a man to live?

Silly, or Only Artful?

Bunkum and Bounce are now starters for the Exemption Stakes. At Weymouth an antique dealer named Kirsley put forward several reasons why he should do nothing, among them being his spiritual propaganda and the claim that he is "under an intense system of education by which he has arrived at the secret of all the ages and the riddle of the universe. He has been initiated into the everlasting union of free spirits." These remarkable pleas got him excused till the end of July, but he intends to appeal. The man seems a freak, but it may be only cunning. Anyway, though he has mastered the secret of all the ages, he will find he still has a lot to learn when the sergeant puts a rifle into his fist.

The Cake They Did Not Take.

Our Open Letter to the Town Clerk of Middlesbrough, regarding the suggested prosecution of a military officer for the waste of 2 cwt. of currant bread tipped into a barge, has resulted in the Q.M.G.'s Department going thoroughly into the matter. The stuff was not bread, but cake for the canteen. The unit for which it was intended found it rancid on arrival, due to the small quantity of sugar in it, in accordance with the Food Controller's Order. It was returned to the Area-manager, and he, not waiting for instructions, threw it away. The Army Orders provide that, failing other instructions, such goods must be burned. We think they should go to the pigs.

The "John Bull" Pen is a marvel in value. See coupon, page 15.

Here's a Picture for You!

A poor old woman of Stirling was in receipt of an allowance of 5s. from the Parish Council. Times being hard, the Council was good enough to increase her weekly fortune to 7s. 6d. Times still being hard, the National Relief Fund, which had been allowing her 3s. weekly, on learning of her rise in income stopped its allowance altogether. So the poor old soul is 6d. a week the worse off—and we all know why we subscribed to the National Relief Fund.

Last of Eight.

Eight sons had Mrs. Watts, of Maidstone. Seven were in the Army, one having rejoined so that the last boy might remain to keep a home for the mother, who is 62. Two of her lads have been killed. And now her last boy, her Benjamin, must go during this month. So the West Kent Appeal Tribunal has decided—cruelly, we think. Surely that poor old lady has "done her bit" in giving seven sons to the State. Must she be left all alone in sorrow and helplessness?

The Way Out.

To prevent any shortage of meat in this country, why not repeal the Order prohibiting the importation of live cattle from the Argentine? Home conditions have altered during the last fourteen years; besides, foot and mouth disease has now entirely disappeared from South America. Practically every vessel coming across could take no fewer than from 800 to 1,000 head of live cattle and 1,200 to 1,400 sheep, as deck cargo, without interfering with the normal under-deck capacity. That this would upset the little game of the Meat Ring is not the least of its recommendations.

Shabby Treatment.

Women are still wanted for work on the land; if all volunteers are treated as the Board of Agriculture treated a lady reader, the lack is not surprising. She passed the doctor and was enrolled, then receiving notice to be ready in four days. As she was in a situation and had to give a week's notice, she asked for a few days of grace. This was granted, so she gave her notice in and was ready for the farm. Then she was amazed to receive a printed form "regretting to inform her that the Committee did not consider her fitted for agricultural work." So, through her willingness to help, she is now an out of work.

Fooling at Falkirk.

It is taking the Falkirk Burgh School Board an unconscionable time to make up their minds to dispense with the services of that German schoolmaster in their employment, some of the members being apparently indifferent to the principle at stake. The latest report is that the matter is to be brought up again at the end of the month, when Mr. Hinkelbein "will be invited to be present." We cannot approve this dilatory resolution. In our humble view, Mr. Hinkelbein should have been invited to be absent as soon as the war broke out.

Taking Their Daylight.

Twenty-five tenants occupying houses in Clark Place, South Queensferry, West Lothian, have sent a signed petition to us anent a 6 ft. wall, which is being built around certain waste ground in front of their houses. They state that for forty years it has been a drying ground and a playing ground for the children; it is not big enough to build on. But up goes a useless, unsightly wall, leaving room for a cart to pass, but not room enough for a toddler to get out of the way. As the poor people have come to us in this trouble of theirs, we would ask the Town Council how it came to pass the plans for the wall. It is not yet finished; can it be stopped?

The Psalms and the Singers.

Not every Churchman is content to expurgate and sterilise the Psalms of David just to please pacifists who wear lawn sleeves. The choir of Brompton Parish Church has resolved to refuse to depart "from the traditional rendering of the Psalms at any service they may attend so long as they remain in the said choir," and they invite other Anglican choirs to follow their example. As it is a good one, we endorse the invitation.

Manchester Trams Again.

The mystery of the Manchester trams becomes "curiouser and curiouser." An official of the Corporation stated that tokens for free rides for wounded men could be had for the asking, and we printed the joyful news. Acting on our advice, some soldiers in a Salford Hospital asked the Matron to apply for tickets. She was good enough to do so, to learn that "only on special occasions are free tickets granted." If Manchester has any decency at all, it will see to it that "special occasions" happen every day and all day.

Crime Encouraged.

At the Arbroath Police Court the other day, Robert Don Dewar, a local ironmonger, was charged, in the quaint language of Scots law, with "using lewd, indecent and libidinous practices" towards two little girls, aged respectively 7 and 6 years. The offence, a bad one of its kind, was proved to the hilt; yet the Provost was content with the stupidly lenient sentence of 20 days' imprisonment. As we have often remarked, such feeble punishments—too common north of the Tweed—are a direct incentive to crime.

A Hard Case.

A Cleethorpes reader, an old fisherman disabled by rheumatism, invested the whole of his savings in a small outfitting business, from which he hoped to make a living. So he might have done, but since the war the thoroughfare in which the shop is situated has been so obstructed by military traffic that the poor old man's custom has fled. In these circumstances he would appear to have a strong claim to compensation, but up to the present the War Office has turned a deaf ear to his appeals. Yet to deprive an aged man of his livelihood is almost as bad as to rob him of his life.

Forbidden Fish.

An old soldier, with 21½ years' service and a war medal, felt that a little fish from the river—"common fish," he says, "that God sent for everybody"—would help his war-time rations. So he asked permission to fish in the Stour, at the Mill Pond at Wormingford—a lonely spot, mostly marsh. And Messrs. Hitchcock, Ltd., replied that they are "sorry we cannot give you permission for fishing, as we let the house and bungalow and guarantee privacy to the tenants." Somehow, we think tenants would not mind an old soldier coming along now and then for a "bite." He would not disgrace the privacy of the spot; he would be an honour to it—after fighting for it.

Shocking Suggestion.

In the course of certain criminal proceedings at Athlone, His Honour Judge Drummond remarked that "wholesale robberies were going on in the Athlone Barracks; that 1,000 military blankets could not disappear unless those responsible close their eyes; that hams and other provisions were sold to outsiders who had no authority to get them; that a grave public scandal existed, and that it was no wonder, with such enormous wastage, the war was costing so much." We are informed that these scathing reflections "greatly impressed those in Court." At the War Office they will probably provoke nothing more terrible than a yawn.

Let "Bullets" pay for your holidays. See page 20.

Non-Commissioned Pilots.

Is there any reason why the Flying Service should be a close preserve for commissioned officers? More machines will mean the need for more pilots; perhaps there is a shortage already in the human half of the machine. On the face of it there seems no reason why "Private This" should not make as effective a bomber or air-fighter as "Lieutenant That." Abolish the exclusiveness of the Flying Corps, and there will be plenty of pilots from whom to pick and choose the best.

The Song of the Schoolmistress.

The schoolmistresses are suffering silently, waiting for the promised bonus while their boots and clothes wear out and good food is seen only in the shops. Here are some of the salaries offered them by advert.:—Dorchester: Uncertificated Assistant Mistress, £50; Supplementary Teachers, £35—*per annum*, mark you. Shropshire: Uncertificated, as above, £50; Supplementary Teachers, £35. What do the Education Committees expect the poor things to live on? And this for well-educated, and often experienced, women.

The Unspeakable Turk.

Corporal Webb, Oxford and Bucks L.I., was a prisoner at Kut, and wounded. His chums did what they could for his bad leg, but the Turks would not allow him a doctor, despite his sufferings. When he was very bad, he was permitted to go into hospital. He wrote home to his mother with the news, and the poor woman, who had been without a word for a very long time, lost what little hope she had. She sank and died—unaware, mercifully enough, that her boy had already expired, from gangrene, the result of neglect and want of medical attention. The Turks are as inhuman as the Germans, evidently.

Soldier Not Wanted.

Pembrokeshire War Agricultural Committee advertised for a managing clerk, at £150 yearly. Among the applicants was a young ex-soldier, well-educated, experienced, and in every way fitted for the post, and especially deserving because he had already given his country one of his legs in Gallipoli. Knowing the treatment such men receive, readers will not be surprised to learn that he did not secure the appointment—which went to a builder and contractor from Milford Haven. Our contemporary, the *Pembrokeshire Herald*, says quite bluntly that "to appoint a builder does not appear to us a wise and proper course, and does indeed suggest that a little jobbery has been done for which the ratepayers will have to pay the piper." That is plain speaking, after our own heart, and with it we agree.

Diverse Decisions.

It is very risky to sell potatoes at more than the legal maximum, but what will happen to you if you do so depends on a variety of circumstances—on where you are tried, for instance, and on the mental calibre of the Bench. Thus, at the Edinburgh Sheriff Court the other day, a little greengrocer, anxious to get rich quick in this unlawful fashion, was fined £5, while at Jedburgh, before Sheriff Baillie, a large farmer, twice guilty of a similar offence, got through at 7s. 6d. a time. In short, it's all a gamble, as law and justice so often are in this imperfect world.

The Frenchman's Food.

In its issue of June 1st, *L'Alimentation Francaise*, a Paris food trades journal, challenges the Liebig Company to proceed with the legal action which it threatened to bring against that French paper in respect of its repeated statements that Lemco and Oxo are the products of a company, of German origin registered in England, and calls upon all patriotic French tradesmen to boycott both these articles. We shall be interested to see what action the Liebig Company will take in the matter.

What Offers?

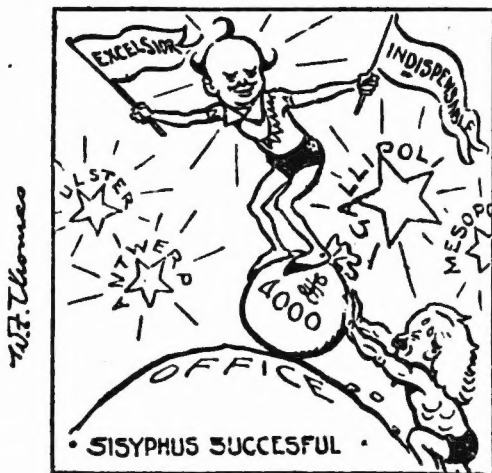
An engaging missive emanates from Mr. H. Buckland, Engineer, of 24, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., who, for the purposes of his business, is in want of ready cash. "I require more capital," writes Mr. Buckland, "to enable me to carry out several contracts I have in hand, also to enable me to develop my ship-raising patent." It is this enterprising gentleman's plan to invite "small advances of not less than £10," from clergymen and others, each "tenner" to bear the enormous interest of 5s. a month. Apparently, the money is to be lent on note of hand, no security being offered. Your cheque by return will oblige.

Honour Among Politicians.

It has been stated in Parliament that the Committee of the Prince of Wales Fund lent the Government £800,000 until the War Office could unwind its red tape, but has been awarded only £105,000 in repayment. To the ordinary man-in-the-street, this appears dishonesty—and despicable dishonesty to boot. Every cent of that money was subscribed by the public for the sole benefit of wounded and disabled soldiers. The robbing of a wounded man on a battle-field incurs the death penalty; why should the same thing be done in our midst with impunity? There seems to be no honour amongst politicians in these degenerate days—but in this case, at all events, they must pay up or take the consequences.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The German Democratic Dog
Jumps for the Kaiser's proffered prog.,
Who makes the Dog's exertions vain
By snatching back the gift again.



At last the summit is attained
For which he ardently has strained;
Now, having once more reached the top,
How long, we wonder, will he stop?



The reason for a Navy Week
Is not, we warrant, far to seek—
Whatever sentiment we lack,
This we can claim—we all love Jack!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Your plain speaking to the Iron and Steel Confederation about the submarine menace was quite refreshing. After all the secrecy and flapdoodle of the politicians, it came like a breeze from the ocean, and I wish every Government department would follow your example and give the public the simple, unadorned truth. You spoke like a sailor and a man, yet your stern admissions of a very real danger did not create a panic or scare our people. The "scare" theory is only a politicians' bogey. As long as you are at the wheel keep your helm pointed in the direction of the port of Truth, and no matter how rough the seas you have to ride over, you will win through. Good luck to you for your frankness!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alderman Sloper, Chairman of Hornsey Tribunal and Hon. Manager of Alexandra Palace.

DEAR ALLY,—When a baker told you he found a difficulty in obtaining labour, you asked him why he did not employ Germans. Pitying your ignorance, he told you why. Considering "what had happened last week," he considered it was inadvisable; if he employed Germans, he thought the public would raid his shop. That baker is a sensible man, and I hope he will continue to shun the Hun. I have less hopes of you, for you stated that you "knew something about German labour, and could not understand why it had not been employed. You did not agree with Germans being allowed to set up in opposition"—Thank you for nothing!—"but you could not see why an English master should not take Germans into his bakehouse." No decent English master would take Germans into his—backyard. Your remark in conclusion also offends me: "If a German were employed, an Englishman would be released to fight." Sir, the country demands that, when a Briton goes to fight, his place shall be taken, not by a misbegotten Hun, but by a Briton who has fought.

JOHN BULL.

To the Postal Censor.

DEAR SIR,—You are a shy and sly bird, and it is difficult to know exactly who you are. But whoever you are, do try to practise common-sense. JOHN BULL is largely read in the United States, and so far you have not been fool enough to "black out" its honest British sentiments. But a correspondent forwards me a letter which was sent to her sister in New York, in which quotations on the air raid from JOHN BULL—"who expresses my opinion better than I can"—have been most laboriously erased, leaving the letter limp and meaningless. This kind of thing is an outrage, and must make the free citizen of the United States wonder under what kind of Prussianism we are living.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.

DEAR LORD HUGH,—And so it is our duty to "love the Germans," is it? I suppose your late lamented father taught you that when you were a good little boy; and that it was by way of an example in Christian charity that he gave the Kaiser Heligoland. What a kind old fellow he must have been!

JOHN BULL.

To Ian Macpherson, Esq., M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR MAC,—As you are, I believe, well within the military age of service, you cannot pretend that the Permanent Officials take advantage of a "dodderer" when they induce you to give untruthful answers to questions. You denied in the House the other day that aeroplanes of the R.F.C. escorted Princess Mary's special train to Southend. But you didn't think it right to say—what was a fact—that the "machines" were those of the R.N.A.S. This kind of prevarication does neither you nor the Government any good. By the way, what is your precise age? Those black-rimmed spectacles of yours notwithstanding, I believe you are 37—at least, that is what the "Liberal Year Book" for 1915 shows. "Who's Who" for 1917 is mum on the point. I wonder why!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Karl Dunwell, Hagley Road, Stourbridge.

WEIRD SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a series of queerly worded advertisements inserted by you in a local newspaper. They appear under the heading of "Musical Instruments," but there is precious little in them to justify that title. The word "Pianoforte" or "Music" seems to appear once in each advertisement, and once only. The rest is sheer, cranky absurdity—on the face; but I suppose you intend some meaning somewhere. For example—"All the World's a wondering an' learning to lisp 'a place in the Sun'; rhythming up spheres of Influence with flowery prototypes," etc. Sheer nonsense, rank rubbish. But I see you have twice placed "Peace Without Victory" in big type, and I note that each of your advertisements—omitting your name and address—contains exactly 17 words in big type. You are such a curious customer that I think some cryptogrammist should accept you as a mystery, and set to work to solve the riddle of your productions.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR MR. CHANCELLOR,—It may be an idle speculation, but I am wondering whether you arrive at your political conclusions by sheer brain power or by means of some magic intuition denied to lesser men. "Not for one moment," you warn us, "must it be imagined that the country can go on spending money at the rate it is doing, without serious disadvantage." To say that I agree with you on this point would be to do less than justice to the majestic logic of this utterance, which is as obvious as it is profound. With all your faults, you at least can see the full length of your nose.

JOHN BULL.

To G. N. Chamberlin, Esq., Lord Mayor of Norwich.

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—The scheme which you put before the City Council for supplying the poor with coal during the coming winter seems to me to be a mere travesty of the practical. You talked about buying 6,000 tons at a cost of £10,000, and at the same time declared the merchants could not let you have it, while it was further stated that if you got the coal the hawkers would be supplied and they could sell "at a profit" to the poor. True, you ended up by describing the whole thing as a hopeless job, and you looked forward with evident relief to putting the blame for failure, if failure there was, on Mr. Guy Calthrop, the Controller of Coal Mines. Surely the Lord Mayor of Norwich can do better than that!

JOHN BULL.

To R. A. Parson, Esq., Bradford.

SIR,—I welcome the resolution, standing in your name, which lately received the warm assent of the Northern and Midland Federation of Commercial Travellers—viz., "that the Government should make it a criminal offence for any person, firm, trading association, municipal or public authority, or Government Department to employ or cause to be employed in any capacity in Great Britain or Ireland any subject male or female of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey or Bulgaria after the cessation of hostilities." I venture to affirm that this resolution reflects the well nigh unanimous sentiment of the British people. There are circumstances in which pardon is a crime. When we can forget, we may begin to forgive.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord H. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P.

DEAR LORD HENRY,—I see you have been giving expression in print to your view of the proper way to deal with the German Colonies. While I agree with you that the Prime Minister's suggestion that the Blacks should be consulted is "a mockery of Democracy," I join issue when you pass from Tropical Africa to the Pacific, and indicate that we might exact "safeguards" concerning these colonies, or neutralise them, or there might be a "re-arrangement" which would "compensate Germany elsewhere for their loss." Where is "elsewhere," why "compensation," and what think you Australia would say to these wild ideas—particularly the nonsensical suggestion of safeguards? Do be practical and leave sentimentality to fools.

JOHN BULL.

A FRAUD ON THE SOLDIER.

POLITICAL CONSPIRACY TO DEPRIVE HIM OF HIS VOTE.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

IT is time the public really understood that the politicians intend to defraud the soldier of the vote—I mean the fighting soldier, the man who has stood for three years between us and the Hun, fearlessly interposing his body and his life against the unnameable wickedness which would have fallen upon us if the Germans had proved victors in this awful struggle. Night after night in the House of Commons our so-called representatives, who have long ceased to represent us, have discussed the Representation of the People Bill—the very title is a sham—and every attempt made by a small and faithful minority to do justice to the soldier has been defeated by the combination of Radicals and Conservatives called the Coalition. To listen to the mean and contemptible arguments by which it is sought to deny to the truest citizens the first rights of citizenship, is to understand that the politicians to-day are in mortal dread of the soldier. They know that their doom is sealed if once the fighting man is given a real voice in the government of the country, and they go in fear and trembling. But for the moment they have the upper hand, and they are still anxious to forge a new weapon against the fighting man by passing legislation which—while it adds 6,000,000 women to the voting register and gives to every Conscientious Objector the right to interfere in the government of the country he refuses, like the coward he is, to defend—will prevent the trench soldier having any voice in the great settlement.

A Future Danger.

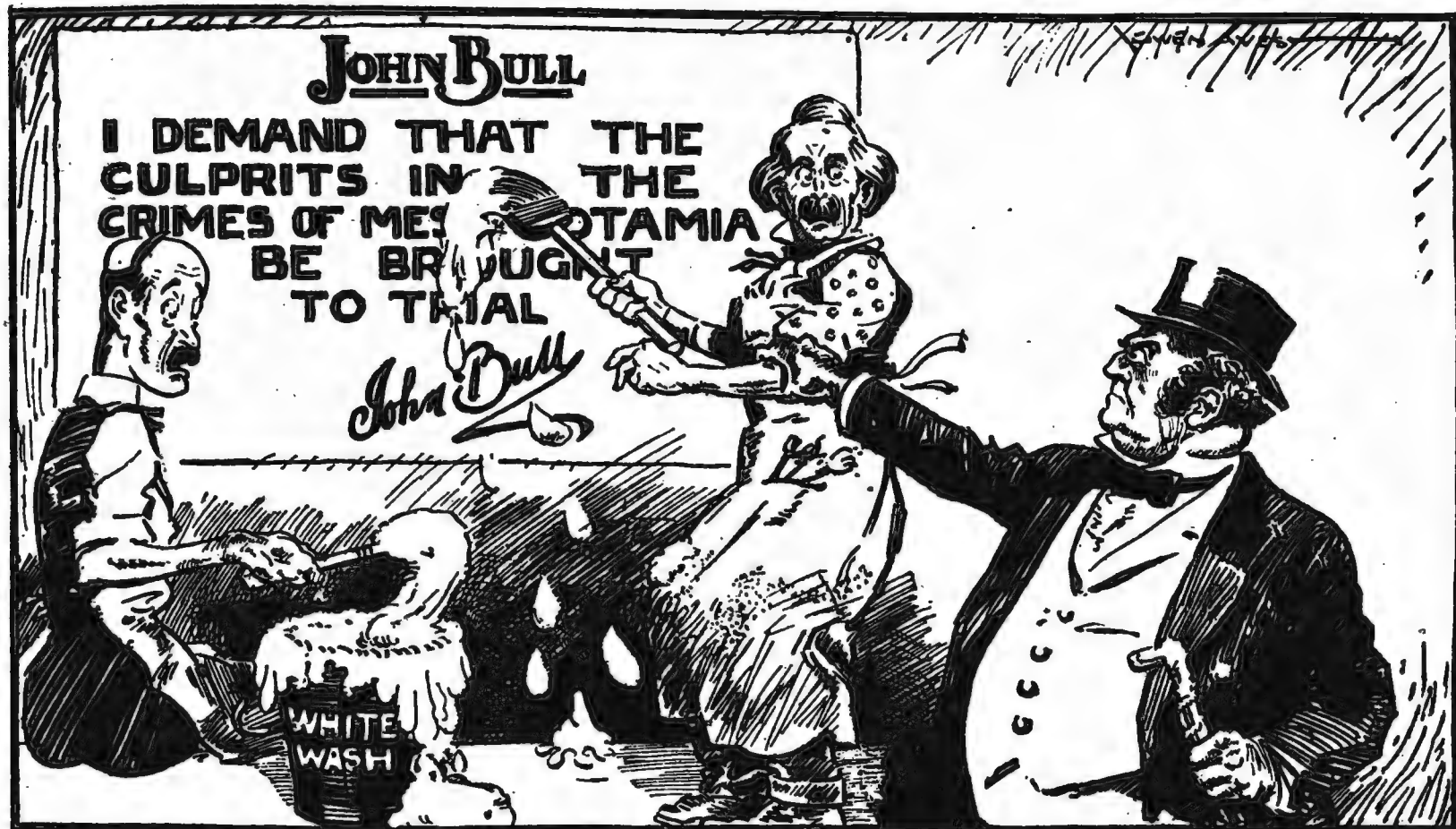
Is it fully understood that all the talk about giving the soldier the vote, and all the debates in Parliament which do lip service to the courage and manhood of the Army, conceal a dangerous fraud? It is dangerous because the soldier will not tolerate the treatment he is receiving once he is in a position to retaliate on the politician. You will not convince the millions of soldiers who to-day are refused the privilege of exercising the franchise—of giving their votes against the ghouls of Gallipoli and the murderers of Mesopotamia—that a grievous injury is not being done them. To tell a man who is fighting for victory that he is to be allowed to vote only after peace has been declared, while you give it now to the miserable curs who have suddenly “found” religion a safe funk-hole, and parade the name of Christ as a shield against military service, is to court grave trouble in the future. The discipline of the Army was never finer than it is to-day (in spite of vexations which chafe like open wounds—soldiers are normally free citizens and resent being treated like Prussians), and, thank God, the spirit of our fighting men is one of such exalted patriotism that so long as there is an enemy in the field they will stand to their trenches and their guns. But unless common prudence triumphs over Party fears and the hand of Justice prove stronger than the machine of the politician, the Government will lay up for this country a store of trouble after the war, deep and wide. If the soldier is not allowed to vote at the next General Election—the fighting soldier, the man who of all of us has the greatest claim to decide the terms of settlement and the kind of Government which shall see us through to the new era of a strengthened Empire and an enduring peace—then he may refuse to be bound by the doings of the politician, and, when he comes home in his millions, take matters into his own hands. Let us have fair play for all, but fair play above all for the fighting man! Industrial unrest is rife to-day because the workers have not been fairly treated. And the Government fully know the extent of present risks—risks which the gag of the Press Censor may hide but cannot lessen. But if those who

stay at home—earning money beyond all pre-war dreams—resent harshness, and revolt against injustice towards *them*, how much greater will be the feeling and the claims of those who for a miserable and even fictitious shilling a day are fighting the foe, while their families in too many cases languish on the borderland of want? It is this industrial unrest which might at any moment force upon the Government a General Election. Of course there will be no appeal to the people if the House of Commons can help it. The men who have betrayed their constituents and insulted the country's patriotism don't want it; even the decent men at Westminster are against it, and the Government is torn between two opinions on the subject. When things are going extra well at the front—when the fighting man is making a radiant atmosphere of triumph—certain Ministers, basking in the warm rays of victory, gain confidence, and are all for “an appeal to the people” in the hope of renewing their term of office for five years. Then comes a period of depression, caused by the mutiny on the Russian front, or a sickening story like that of Mesopotamia, and they tremble at the very thought of seeking the judgment of the electorate.

Afraid of Tommy.

If the Government can by hook or by crook avoid doing so, they will deny to the soldier the right of voting from the trenches. Australia could do it; Canada can do it—but not Great Britain! Do you know why? There is only one real reason, I repeat—practical difficulties could be overcome—the politician dreads the soldier he has created. He called him from cottage and street, from the office and the bench; there awoke in him a new spirit. The politician knows that to-day he is thinking when he is not fighting—that where two or three Tommies gather together they talk over things. They see the politician at a distance and get him in his right perspective. They hate and loathe him, and, given the power, they will hurl him from his high estate. Fancy spending hours debating whether a man of 19—for every soldier is a man at that age—has had sufficient “civic experience” usefully to exercise the franchise—when Ministers threatened to drop the Bill if the Conscientious Objector was deprived of the vote! Here is the latest type of “C.O.” He was up before the Hants Appeal Tribunal the other day, and claimed exemption from service because he was a believer in “the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.” To him “human life was sacred”—so sacred that he would not lift a hand to defend or preserve it. He actually objected to non-combatant service that allowed war to be carried on, and he would take no work which released another for military service. This man, who was openly accused of being a pro-German—he denied the charge—was a piano tuner, and he put forward the impudent claim that as music was most elevating for the human mind, he was engaged in work of national importance! *His appeal was allowed.* Now that creature, with his nauseous cant and his insulting arguments, is to vote whenever an Election is held. His debasing views and degenerate spirit are to have full weight at the polls. The men who are fighting for Justice and for Freedom can have the vote, but only *after the war*. I say the whole business is a burning shame, and if there be any power in the House of Lords, let that assembly tear up this miscalled Representation of the People Bill rather than allow such a mockery of the franchise to pass to the Statute Book. If arrangements cannot be made so that every soldier in the trenches may record his vote, then no Election must be held till after the war.

WHITEWASH AND EYE-WASH.



"NOT IF I KNOW IT."

NOT TO BE TRUSTED!

DELIBERATE SNUB FOR A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

We crave a candid word with the Furniture Supply Company, of Glasgow, otherwise Messrs. Alexander Jebb and Sons, Limited, our text being the following extraordinary letter which the firm recently thought fit to address to the wife of a soldier, who had placed an order with them for goods:

DEAR MADAM,—We are in receipt of your letter of 16th inst., and in reply have to say that we are sorry we cannot see our way to supply you with any goods on the Hire Purchase System, owing to your husband being in the soldiers.

THE FURNITURE SUPPLY COMPANY.

So ran the elegant epistle which Messrs. Jebb thought good enough to address to the wife of a man serving with the Colours. For the flat refusal to supply goods in accordance with their advertisements, there was not a vestige of excuse. The customer had furnished the Company with satisfactory references as to payment and general respectability—one of them from a local bank; yet her order is turned away with as little ceremony as though she were actually suspected of an attempt to defraud. The excuse is that her husband is "in the soldiers." Soldiers' wives, apparently, are not to be trusted. Their husbands are good enough to fight the Huns, to protect the interests of Messrs. Jebb from foreign aggression, but when it comes to parting with a few sticks of furniture on a sound hire-purchase contract, no soldiers or their wives need apply. Perhaps, in making this point clear, we are rendering a service to the Furniture Supply Company; at any rate, we suggest to Messrs. Jebb and Sons, Ltd., that in all future advertisements they should frankly announce that from wives with husbands "in the soldiers"—or, we suppose, "in the sailors"—no orders can be entertained. Such brutal estimates by traders and others of the reliability and honesty of the wives of our fighting men do not help to win the war. The man in the trenches and the sailor on the North Sea, when he hears that his loved ones have been treated in so contemptuous and insulting a way, cannot feel that his ardour to stave off the attack of the Hun upon the precious belongings of such firms is increased.

CANTEEN SWEATING.

WOMEN AT WORK SEVENTEEN HOURS A DAY.

On the facts before us, we are not inclined to compliment the Imperial Canteen Committee on the treatment of their staff. At the Shrapnel Barracks, Woolwich, two women were recently employed as waitresses, commencing work at 5.30 a.m., and going home to bed at 10 o'clock at night. At 6 o'clock each morning the canteen had to be open for customers, no breakfast being provided for the staff. Apparently, the waitresses were intended to furnish their own morning meal, but there was really no time to eat it, and no time for a proper dinner. All day long the rush of customers continued until 5.30 p.m., when a short interval for tea was allowed—tea, bread and margarine. Then on to work again, till 9.45 p.m., when the canteen was closed—the waitresses, however, being required to sweep up the premises before creeping home to their beds. Throughout this weary day no intervals of rest were arranged, no relief hands being employed. Finally, after wasting their strength in the service of the Committee, these two women were summarily discharged, receiving instead of 10s.—the wretched total of their weekly wages—a sum of 10s. 6d., with the addition of 1s. 6d. for travelling expenses. We gather that the women were dismissed for "misconduct," their crime apparently being that they had "held conversations with soldiers in the bar." Their duty seemingly was to be as curt and distant as possible with their customers, to disdain all conversation with soldiers, and, generally, to behave as disagreeably as circumstances would permit. Having failed to live down to this miserable standard of propriety, the waitresses were dismissed at a moment's notice, after an experience that calls for searching inquiry. Even if they had so far "forgotten themselves" as to be conversational—after all, every woman to-day has a brother, husband or a sweetheart in the Army, and it is only natural she should feel kindly disposed towards the lads in khaki. But, as a matter of fact, we are informed that the waitresses were too busy to pass the time of day or even to say "Thank you." We invite the Imperial Canteens Committee to set their house in order without delay.

AND so the Mesopotamia scandal is to be hushed up—is it? Not if I know it! A more callous and cynical flouting of public opinion is surely not to be found in all the history of our land. If we forgive this crime, we deserve to lose the war. Let me go back to the month of July last year, when the Commission was appointed. The Bill setting it up was "brought in" by the then Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith), Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour and the Attorney-General. And listen to what some of these people said. I will take them at random from the official parliamentary reports. Mr. Chamberlain: "There will be no objection raised by the Government to the Commissioners making their inquiries as complete and as searching as they can. As far as I am concerned—and I have a certain measure of responsibility—the more complete the inquiry the better I shall be pleased, and I can say the same for all concerned. *I stand on exactly the same footing before this inquiry as any other person whose action is impugned.*" How does that sound to-day? Here is Sir Edward Carson—not then, but to-day, a Member of the Government: "The idea that you can have an abandoned expedition, in which you have lost something like 200,000 in casualties, and have no explanation given and no person held liable, is surely ludicrous and monstrous if the House is to have any authority at all." What said Mr. Asquith? "We have got men who I am sure will bring an absolutely judicial and impartial mind to bear on the subjects to be investigated"; whilst referring to Lord George Hamilton, the Chairman—whose findings are now scorned and derided—he said: "It is 13 years since he was Secretary for India, and he has had no part or lot in any of the controversies which have since taken place. He is a very great authority on the matter. He is in an almost unique position with regard to matters especially relevant to this particular inquiry. *He is a man of judicial and impartial mind*, with a very large administrative experience in many departments of the State." In the same way Mr. Asquith paid tribute to other members of the Commission. Concerning Admiral Sir C. Bridge and General Sir N. Lyttelton, he said: "One is a distinguished Admiral and the other is a General of very large experience in days gone by, who occupied the position of Chief of the Staff two years ago. He had a distinguished career in South Africa; earlier in life he was Secretary to the Governor of Bombay, and prior to that he served with the Rifle Brigade in India." And now that these men have made their Report—fearlessly telling the truth—Mr. Balfour coolly informs them that it is *they*, and not the people they have condemned, who are on their trial! And after suggesting first one kind of tribunal and then another, for the purpose of hanging the whole thing up, Ministers calmly come down to the House and say they have decided to let it drop—in order that "the Legislature may not have its mind diverted from the conduct of the war"! As though the Legislature had anything to do with the conduct of the war, or its time would be in any way interfered with by the existence of a special Tribunal to try the Mesopotamia culprits—unless indeed Mr. Asquith had succeeded in his subtle plea that such tribunal should be the House

NOT IF I The Shame of It!—Flouting Public

By THE

itself! The truth is that the Government were thoroughly ashamed of themselves. First they proposed throwing over their own Commission, setting up another Inquiry with no power to inflict punishment—with yet a third Inquiry in the case of soldiers already found guilty by the two tribunals—and with the civilians going scot-free. But, in the end, it is decided to flout and defy the Public altogether and file the Commissioners' Report in the pigeon-holes of Whitehall. But not if I know it!

Hanging Together.

Let us have it down, in black and white, who are the members of the present Government who were members of the War Committee of the Cabinet which stands condemned by the Report. Away with the sickening cant which is to-day shielding the political culprits—some of whom are actually posing as the indignant champions of the People in this ghastly business. There is the Prime Minister himself, Mr. Lloyd George; there is the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Balfour; there is Mr. Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer and "Leader of the House"; there is Lord Curzon, now in the War Cabinet; and there is Mr. Arthur Henderson, who has gone to Russia to appease the Revolutionaries. And, of course, there was Mr. Austen Chamberlain—who has had the decency, and the sense, to clear out. Now do you understand why some of these Ministers are so indignant with the Commissioners; and why they are backed up by Mr. Asquith and Lord Lansdowne—who, of course, were members of the old War Committee? What a game it is! It is an old saying that people prefer to hang together rather than hang separately; and look how these Mesopotamia murderers have acted on that principle. Lord Hardinge was given the Order of the Garter; was made Permanent Secretary to the Foreign Office—and was actually appointed Chairman of the Commission to inquire into the causes of the Irish rebellion! Sir William Meyer still gets over £5,000 a year; and General Nixon has a comfortable £900 a year unemployed pay, with £100 as "good service" pension. But now let us come to some of the minor culprits—and prepare for a shock. In the Report occurs the name of Sir James MacNeece, bracketed in sinister equality with that of Surgeon-General Hathaway. Both of these men have achieved a notoriety of incapacity, streaked with callousness, unequalled in the history of military medical service; but the name of the former will certainly be familiar to readers of JOHN BULL as that of the man who was recently "retired" from the Indian Medical Service in connection with the ghastly troop-train horror—when a number of British Territorials were stewed to death while being transferred on a five days' train journey—through "official failure" to "organize the details of the transit" with a view to climatic conditions. That was the official reply in the House of Commons when

KNOW IT!

Sentiment—The "Hush" of Hell.

EDITOR.

our revelations were under discussion. The Government announced that Surgeon-General Sir James MacNeece, "who, as Assistant Director of Medical Service for the district, was directly responsible for the tragedy," was "retired from the Medical Service." The public accepted this as some slight act of retribution—although, alas! it could not bring back those poor Tommies who had been slowly done to death! Thus, we reflected, is at least one culprit punished—and so, with the rank of Staff Colonel, Surgeon-General MacNeece was "retired" in disgrace—to be now condemned, in the Mesopotamia Report, as too old and entirely inefficient. Now for the shock. *At the present time Sir James MacNeece is employed by the War Office, with the rank of Brigadier*—and is attached to the Eastern Command as head of the Travelling Medical Board, which is engaged upon the delicate and arduous work of re-classifying men for military service! That is to say that, dismissed from the Indian Medical Service as incompetent (having, as we now see, *before the troop train horror criminally failed in Mesopotamia*), he was immediately passed into the Royal Army Medical Corps, under the control of the War Office—at enhanced pay. You see, he couldn't very well have been given another job in India—for this is what Mr. Chamberlain said, when dealing with the train scandal: "I am quite certain that the Indian Government will see that those officers now removed will not be re-employed in any other capacity." Think of it!

Promotion for Misdeeds.

Moreover, exactly the same thing has happened with reference to Surgeon-General Hathaway—the man who closed his eyes to that Golgotha at Ctesiphon—where "the wounded were killed and maimed (O, happy dead!) by the Arabs"; the man who suppressed Colonel Carter's terrible and insistent reports on inadequate medical equipment, and wired home the lying report "Medical arrangements working splendidly"—even whilst the poor victims of his incapacity were writhing in hellish torture in the fetid barges floating down the yellow Tigris! Yes, he received similar treatment to Sir James MacNeece—was quietly passed out of the Indian Medical Service, some months ago, and to-day holds the position of D.D.M.S. in the Western Command. In other words, he is responsible, under Sir Alfred Keogh, the head of the R.A.M.C., for the health of all the troops in our huge Western Command—and he, too, ranks as Brigadier! How these two Incompetents are acquitting themselves in their new posts is a story I may tell on some other occasion. I will only say that, on the facts given me, they are still at the old game of muddle and incompetence—sending shoals of unfit men, after the most perfunctory examination, to their doom. May God forgive them! Well, that is how they have all been hanging together. And now we are asked to hush the

whole thing up! Of the soldiers, condemned I, for the moment, say nothing. They are to be put on their trial, as they should have been from the first, before a military Tribunal—and I will say no word to prejudice their case. But so far as these medical murderers are concerned, I call for their instant dismissal.

Still Blundering.

Hush it up! And the blundering and muddling going on almost as badly as ever! Here is what one of my correspondents says: "We are all longing for tents, mosquito nets, summer clothes, etc.—all delayed somewhere, and, as usual, a case of 'wait and see.'" He goes on to say that, as he writes his letter, flies and "all sorts of crawling horrors" are all over him. Poor devil! And, finally, he says that when the other day news arrived that a boat, loaded with stores and food, was up twenty miles away, they eagerly sent for the goods—only to find that "everything had been taken by the Staff, departmental people, etc., who never see the firing line. *Not once has the E. F. Canteen reached the firing line.*" Isn't it damnable? And do you remember those disclosures made by us a month ago, and never officially challenged, in regard to the bungling of the river transport? The craft, of course, had to come from India, and there was considerable delay in sending them. When they did commence their voyage the fine weather season was gone and ended, so many of those river boats did not get very far through the Bay of Bengal, except downwards. The mistake should never have been made.

As in 1915, So in 1917.

Mark the sequel! As the mistake *was* made, however, in 1915, one would not expect a repetition of the error in 1916. But it was repeated; the river boats for Basra were again not despatched in time, and a large number were lost practically at the mouth of the Hooghly. The third year, 1917, should have been lucky—or, at least, luckier—but no; the identical mistake is being perpetrated, and for the third time river vessels are being sent out from Calcutta too late to allow a reasonable chance of their safe arrival. Last year, out of 18 vessels of one class only 4 arrived; 14 were lost *en route*. Out of 6 of another class not one arrived! And I believe it is the fact that, all the time this farce was proceeding, the Government of India had the offer from the Irrawaddy River Company of the whole of their flat-bottomed boats, together with competent skippers—the Tigris being very much like the Irrawaddy in depth and character. Yet the offer was ignored. Then we told of another matter, concerning a workshop vessel. The ship chartered was, naturally, quite unsuitable—but that didn't matter. About £25,000 was spent in fitting her, and away she went to Basra. She got there right enough, and was promptly condemned. Isn't it pitiful? And we are to hush it up! Not if I know it! We are on the eve of big events. Things in Russia are ominous. There is discontent among other of our Allies. Even in the West, all is not at the moment as well as we might wish. Not that there is an atom of doubt of ultimate victory. But, meanwhile, the politicians shall not throw dust in our eyes. The Dardanelles blunder we forgave; the Mesopotamia murders we will avenge!

SPOILING FOR THE FIGHT.**PATRIOTISM v. FRUDENCE—"JOHN BULL" INTERVENING.**

There seems to have been nothing more culpable than a reckless patriotism, and that British love of adventure which is the greatest of our military assets, in the escapade of Robert Davis and Albert Anderson, two orphan lads of 17, charged at the Marylebone Police Court with travelling on the Great Western Railway from Newport to Paddington without having paid their fare. In defence of their conduct the boys explained that, having tried without success to enlist at Newport, they had determined by hook or by crook to get to the Crystal Palace to join the Navy, and, being short of funds, had committed the offence named. One of the defendants, it seems—though under age—had already served in the Army. In these circumstances, it was a pity that the Magistrates should have thought it necessary to impose fines of 20s., with the alternative of 13 days' imprisonment—a sentence, the prisoners being without means, equivalent to one of imprisonment "without the option." However, we were fortunately able to intervene—having the satisfaction of paying their fines and procuring the lads' release. Both of them have now gladly joined the Artillery, where no doubt they will "make good."

THAT SACRED LAWN.**WOUNDED SOLDIERS STILL KEPT OFF THE GRASS.**

We regret to learn that the protests of the wounded men at Beckett's Park, near Leeds, have been ineffectual, and that barbed wire, in hundreds of yards, remains around the lawn that is kept sacred for the students of the College. The hostels on the verge of the grass have been turned into hospital wards; men lying in bed can see that wire, men able to walk are obliged to perambulate around it and outside the privileged enclosure. One's mind fails to grasp the selfishness of the students, young people training to be teachers in our elementary schools—in no way connected with the Leeds University, as was erroneously stated. Youths who would teach the alphabet to soldiers' children deny those soldiers the comfort and convenience of setting foot on the turf beneath the College windows. We are told that soldiers would be satisfied with just a path across the lawn, a path closed in with barbed wire, but such a restricted passageway would not satisfy us. We want the whole of that barbed wire cleared away; the men have seen enough of that infernal contrivance in France.

A REVEREND WOMAN-HATER.**THE QUEER CREED OF A LIVERPOOL PARSON.**

Despite his protests, it fears us that the Rev. G. Stephen Jones, Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Walton, Liverpool, has not a high opinion of the ladies. Reading between the lines of his parish magazine, indeed, it would appear that one of them has been badly letting him down. "Please remember," he says, "that if I write boldly and say right out what is in my heart, it is only because I so feel." "*There is the mischief you do,*" he goes on to say in italics, and then charges them with sowing the seeds of enmity, strife, hatred, malice, "and whether the paradise be the family, the church, or the community at large, it is fouled thereby." This is how he hands along the vinegar; now see how he shakes the pepper-box and ladles out the mustard. "*There is the mistake you make,*" he proceeds, again in italics. "I know it sounds impertinent but, once more, the thing has to be put down in black and white, and so you blunder on, and, be it said, blight and blast God's fair garden, leaving therein thorns and thistles as your heritage. God help you." We do not know how many women are blasting and blighting God's fair garden as members of our rev. friend's congregation, for we have not had an opportunity of counting them. If they are in numbers it is not improbable the place which knew them will know them no more, or that one of these Sunday mornings he will leave the vestry without his hair, if any. Women's "mission," he says, is "sub-mission." Let him "wait and see."

Has your wife seen "Everywoman's"? It is a wonderful Penny Paper.

QUACKERY AND FRAUD.**MEDICAL IMPOSTOR WHO IS SHY OF INTERVIEWS.**

There is no more wicked form of fraud than the attempt to induce sufferers from consumption and other deadly diseases to squander their money upon worthless and deceptive "cures." As an example, we may mention the "Inman Institute for the Treatment of Chest and Respiratory Maladies," Cromwell House, High Holborn, W.C., directed by Mr. Frank Inman, who, with amazing effrontery, offers a "Cure for Consumption" at a guinea a time. Even on this scandalous footing, Mr. Inman cannot apparently keep faith with his customers. An Irish reader sent the amount, but has since heard nothing from Mr. Inman. On inquiring at the Post Office, our friend discovered that his Money Order was cashed in London, as soon as received, that being apparently the end of the matter as far as the institute was concerned. Having received an almost exactly similar complaint from a Lossiemouth reader, we endeavoured to get into touch with Mr. Inman ourselves, inviting him to call upon us during business hours, for the purpose of a friendly interview. Our invitation was promptly accepted by letter, dated from the High Holborn address, but on the appointed day Mr. Inman failed to put in an appearance—preferring, apparently, to let judgment go by default. It is our duty, therefore, to warn our readers against all dealings with the Inman Institute.

A GROSS SCANDAL.**WHOLESALE THEFTS BY A CORPORATION EMPLOYEE.**

An amazing tale of fraud, forgery and theft was unfolded at the Stafford Assizes, when Jesse Varley, Accountant-Clerk to the Wolverhampton Education Committee, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. It is amazing that a minor official should have been able to carry on, for several years, an elaborate and ingenious scheme of fraud, robbing the Corporation of some £14,130 in the space of a single twelve-month, without arousing the suspicions of his official superior or of the members of the Education Committee, the credit for his final detection apparently belonging to an office boy. It is understood that in the bankruptcy of Varley's estate, following upon his arrest, the Corporation are claiming for £72,000; and it is no wonder that a demand has arisen for a searching independent inquiry into the system of control. It is to be remembered that, with a nominal salary of £325 per annum, the rascal occupied a villa rated at £100 a year and kept three motor cars. The Committee even now are said to be averse to any radical change in the method of financial "control" under which the ratepayers of Wolverhampton have been robbed to the tune of five figures a year. Such an attitude is incomprehensible, and we strongly endorse the demand of the Wolverhampton public for a clean sweep and a fresh start.

THE WISDOM OF THE ORIENT.**A TRULY SCIENTIFIC RECIPE FOR WINNING THE WAR.**

In an amusing circular, Mr. Kazundo Takashima, of Japan—temporarily domiciled at 2A, Macfarlane Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.—seeks to arrest the attention of the British public, starting with the modest assurance that he is "the World's Greatest Scholar and Orator," to say nothing of the fact that he has "lately designed and invented more than fourteen new and different things." He is the inventor of a science with the pretty name of "Ob-Philosophycalism," and included among his further discoveries are "the Cause of the Temperature," and "the Growing Power of the Globe," whilst he has a handy recipe for winning the war. "Specially Powerful and Magnetic Speeches delivered to ensure the Final Big Victory," announces the modest savant, who throws out a "Challenge to the World's Religionists, Scientists, Doctors, Scholars and others." We have been invited by Mr. Kazundo Takashima to make him an "early offer" for a "magnetic speech," guaranteed, we believe, to lure the Huns to horrible destruction. The idea of winning the war by speeches is by no means peculiar to Mr. Takashima. He has many competitors in the vicinity of Westminster!

By order of
the Food Controller

5d. and 9½d.
are the prices of
Quaker Oats

"Quaker Oats is imported to be sold under license of the Food Controller at a price not exceeding 9½d. for the 2-lbs. (gross) packet or 5d. for the 1-lb. (gross) packet throughout the United Kingdom."

It is requested that any cases where higher prices are charged be reported to—
The Secretary, QUAKER OATS Ltd., Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2

We regret that the increased demand and traffic delays have made it impossible for us to keep all Grocers fully supplied with Quaker Oats. We hope soon to be able to execute all orders promptly.

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

"WHO MADE THIS TYRE?"

Pericles cycle tyres have a job of their own. They are manufactured by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., for the protection of the purchaser of low priced tyres.

You will find "MADE BY THE D. R. CO., LTD." moulded on every Pericles tyre and this signifies that the result of 29 years' experience in cycle tyre manufacture is built into each one.

You owe it to yourself to know the maker's name.

Covers, W.O., 5/3. B.E., 5/6.
Tubes, 2/9.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES
OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS



PERICLES
Prince of Tyre
Shakespeare.

TRADE MARK.

FOR HOLIDAY ROMPING—
nothing better than an "A.W.G."
KILTIE or a

GAMAGE JERSEY SUIT.

"A. W. G." KILTIES.

Jersey and Kilt combined. Polo Collar, button at front. In Saxe, Brown, Navy, Cream. Lengths about 18, 21, 23, 25 ins. Sale price 2/9, 2/11½, 3/2½, 3/8½. Post free.

THE EDDIE JERSEY SUIT.

Comprising Jersey, Knicker & Cap, in splendid wearing stockinette. Cream, Tan, Saxe or Navy. Ages from 2 to 4 years, all sizes. Price 5/11. Post 4d.

Drapery List post free.



HOLBORN London E.C.1

"I feel sorry for

those beetles."

There's no "fair play" clause in a box of

VERTROY Vermin Killer

There's no "dawn-of-another-day" for insects once they come into contact with Vertroy. Vertroy positively kills all insect pests and rids the home of a great germ carrier. Get a supply to-day and sprinkle it everywhere beloved of insects.....you will be surprised at the death rate. Vertroy is a sweet-smelling powder and is quite harmless to everything but insects.

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.



Sold in 3d., 6d., 1/- and larger Boxes by all Chemists and Stores.

POST FREE OFFER

If you cannot obtain Vertroy Vermin Killer locally, send us P.O. for the full size 1/- Box—Post Free



He couldn't get on without it.

IT is the same old story with users of Gibbs's Shaving Soap; once used always used. Its generous lather, whether with hot or cold water, its cool and softening effect on the skin, makes it a favourite with everyone who shaves. In fact once used, you cannot get on without it.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES
of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice, and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in Stamps.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

Price: 6d. and 1/- of all Chemists.

D. W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 13 V).
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. 1.
(Established 1712.)

COMPANY MEETING.

THE "BODEGA."

THE GOVERNMENT AND
STATE PURCHASE.

The thirty-seventh ordinary general meeting of the members of the "Bodega" Company, Ltd., was held on Thursday, the 19th inst., at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate-place, E.C., Mr. H. W. Walmisley (the chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. D. H. Beardon) having read the notices convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—For the third year in succession we meet you in the midst of the great war. Last year when I had the pleasure of addressing you I sincerely hoped that this general meeting would be held amid the surroundings of peace, for which we all so devoutly yearn. Unfortunately the war, with all its attendant miseries and sufferings, is still with us. Let us hope that the valour of our sailors and soldiers, and those of our Allies, may be the means of securing at no distant date an honourable and lasting peace. Turning now to the accounts of the year under review, it will be seen that the profits of the company are some £6,000 more than those of last year—that is, £21,651 5s. 1d., against £15,584 5s. 8d. It has been a year of exceeding difficulty, far more so than any of its predecessors. Further restrictions have been imposed and clearances from bond reduced by 50 per cent. Imports of wines from France, Spain, and Portugal have been drastically curtailed. The question of efficiently manning all the company's thirty-six establishments has been perpetually with us, and with 70 to 80 per cent. of the staff having joined His Majesty's Forces, it can easily be seen that this has been a very real difficulty. The satisfactory results for the year are due in some measure to the policy adopted by the Board last year, and unanimously agreed to by you at the last general meeting of this company. I refer to the purchase of wines and spirits with part of the profits. I do not think there are any items in the balance-sheet calling for special mention, with the exception of those referring to "profits upon sale of wines and spirits, cigars, etc.," and "salaries and wages," which show increases of about £10,000 and £3,560 respectively. The increase in the latter is mainly accounted for by the expenses connected with the two new branches of the company, to which I referred last year.

GOVERNMENT RESTRICTIONS.

All the restrictions imposed by the Liquor Control Board are being loyally and patriotically carried out by this company and the trade as a whole, because, as and when they were imposed, we were led to believe that they were for the good of the country during the war, and were absolutely necessary for its successful prosecution. Recently there has arisen a widespread impression among the industrial classes and others in this country that many of these restrictions have been placed upon the trade in deference to the insidious efforts of the more fanatical among the so-called temperance party, whose bitter hostility to the trade and everything connected with it is well known. The Order restricting the output of beer from the pre-war figures of 36,000,000 barrels to 18,000,000 barrels per annum first came into force. Shortly afterwards, however, a Controller of Shipping was appointed, and the quantity was still further reduced to 10,000,000 barrels a year. This has had the effect of producing an acute shortage of beer and of raising the prices of such reduced output

very considerably. The majority of the industrial classes, and more especially those engaged in munitions and iron and steel works, will not work without beer, which is food as well as drink, and the shortage of beer has been a much more serious matter than most people are aware of. The output of munitions and other most important work began to slacken, and the murmurings of the men engaged in these and kindred works throughout the kingdom began to get louder and louder in the demand for more beer. The great number of workers engaged in harvesting added their complaints as to the shortage of beer. The natural result of all this unrest has been that the Government has recently authorised the output of beer to be increased. If the industrial classes of this country and others once get the idea into their heads that these restrictions placed upon the trade and upon them are not necessary for the successful prosecution of the war, and have been imposed for reasons I have mentioned, they will doubtless agree with the words of the Premier, in his recent speech at Dundee, when he said, I think, "Anything beyond that is irritating and mischievous." I think it might be of interest to beer drinkers of the country generally to let them know the names of the 44 members of Parliament who recently voted in the minority against the Government's proposals to increase the output of beer; the object of the proposal being that more light beer should be available for them at a reduced price. The list is as follows:—

Anderson, W. C.	Kenyon, B.
Arnold, S.	King, J.
Baker, G. A.	Lambert, R.
Barries, H. T.	M'Cullum, Sir J.
Brunner, J. F. L.	Mallalieu, F. W.
Bryce, J. A.	Nuttall, H.
Chancellor, H. G.	Pringle, W. M. B.
Clough, W.	Rees, G. C.
Coote, W.	Richardson, A.
Davies, Timothy	Roberts, C. H.
Davies, Sir W.	Robertson, Rt. Hon. J.
Gouldstone, F.	Robinson, S.
Gulland, Rt. Hon. J. W.	Scott, A. McCullum
Harris, P. A.	Shortt, E.
Harvey, T. E.	Smith, Sir S.
Haslam, L.	Thomas, Rt. Hon. J. H.
Hinds, J.	Wiles, Rt. Hon. J. H.
Hobhouse, Rt. Hon. Sir C.	Williams, Ancurin
Holmes, D. T.	Williams, Penry
Howard, Hon. G.	Wilson, Rt. Hon. J. W.
Hudson, W.	Wing, T. E.
John, E. T.	Yoxall, Sir J. H.

Tellers for the Ayes:

Leif Jones and T. Richardson.

You are doubtless aware that the total number of voters in the country is about 14 millions, and that not less than two million people are employed in or are dependent on the trade. I should also like to add that the Government received some £66,000,000 taxation from the trade last year. I understand that these facts and figures cannot be disputed.

STATE PURCHASE.

So much has been written and said about State purchase that I imagine you will expect me to say a few words on this subject. Nothing of a definite nature is known as to whether the Government means to acquire the liquor trade for the State or not, and should they decide to do so, the terms of the proposed purchase have not been defined. Rumour has been very busy. One thing we do know, and that is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently stated in the House of Commons that the Government had dropped the idea of assuming control of the liquor trade for the time being. For that we are thankful, but that does not mean that State purchase is dead. On the contrary, it may be, and probably is, very much alive. Commissioners representing England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland are now sitting, and you have all doubtless seen the terms of reference in connection with them. Should eventually State purchase be decided on, it would be the duty of everyone connected with or dependent upon the trade—all holders of Debenture stocks, and holders of Preference and Ordinary shares in breweries and kindred companies—to unite and see that any terms proposed for the acquisition of the trade are of an equitable and honourable nature to all concerned. I understand that already some such steps in this direction are now being taken. In conclusion, I should like to add that the quality of everything sold in the company's "Bodega" is maintained at its usual high standard, and that all wines and spirits, etc., are taken into the balance-sheet at cost price or under. I now beg to move: "That the directors' report and statement of accounts, with the auditors' report, be hereby approved and adopted, admitting of a dividend of 10 per cent. actual on the Ordinary share capital of the company for the year ended 31st March, 1917, and that a final dividend of 2½ per cent. actual (2s. 6d. per share on the fully-paid Ordinary shares and 2s. per share on the partly-paid Ordinary shares) be paid on the 1st August, 1917, less income-tax, making, with the interim dividends of 2½ per cent. actual paid on 20th December, 1916, and of 5 per cent. actual paid on 30th April, 1917, 10 per cent. for the year." I shall ask my colleague, Mr. Scott, to second the resolution, and before putting it to the meeting I

shall be glad to answer any questions that may be asked me.

Mr. J. H. Mortimer Scott seconded the resolution, which, after a brief discussion, was unanimously carried.

Mr. Walter Sandeman moved the re-election of the directors (Mr. H. W. Walmisley, Mr. J. H. Mortimer Scott, Mr. T. Richards and Mr. R. H. Bickerton), and this having been seconded by Mr. T. F. Waters, was agreed to.

On the proposition of Mr. Pullen, seconded by Mr. George Woods, the auditors (Messrs. Welton and Bond) were reappointed.

THE WINE TRADE.

Mr. Walter Sandeman said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—As this company is specially occupied in the distribution of wines to the public I wish to make a few remarks upon the wine trade at the present time, a trade which I heard Lord Burnham describe in a speech as "your sorely harassed trade." Yes, it is sorely harassed, both by the war and more particularly by Ministers who have, under the pretence of defence of the realm, been trying to win the support of the teetotal vote at a time when they profess to be in and were put in office with one object only—namely, to win the war. (Hear, hear.) No trade is more loyal to their country than is ours. Before compulsory service was instituted no trade gave more of their members and relations to the fighting services than ours, and I unhesitatingly say that our loyalty has been exploited by the Government, not in the interests of the country, but for political ends. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Shank said that as the previous speaker had spoken of the value of wine as a beverage he would like to say a word about beer. He regarded beer as an essential commodity. He had been a beer drinker all his life, and he thought it was very wholesome and beneficial, and also conducive to longevity.

A resolution, proposed by Mr. Sandeman and seconded by Mr. Waters, increasing the remuneration of the managing directors of the company, was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Woods proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors.

Mr. Pullen seconded the motion, and it was unanimously passed.

The Chairman having acknowledged the vote, the proceedings terminated.

THE CHAFFERS
GOLD MINING COMPANY

Capital £62,500, divided into 1,000,000 Shares of 1/3 each.

Brief particulars and latest news from the mine.

The Company's Mines are situated in the Leonora District of the Mount Margaret Goldfields, Western Australia, and are on the main road from the Township of Leonora.

THE AUCKLAND GOLD MINE has an area of 18 acres, on which three reefs have been opened up and proved to be gold-bearing throughout.

The Main Shaft has been sunk thereon to a depth of 105 feet upon one of the finest bodies of ore in these Goldfields. At a depth of 50 ft. the reef has a width of 15 ft. payable throughout. Forty-two tons of ore taken from this level yields 43 ozs. of gold. Further crushing from this development returned 697 ozs. of gold from 600 tons of rock treated at the Government Mill.

THE FORTUNA GOLD MINE consists of an area of about 18 acres in the centre of the Main Ore Channel, upon which the chief gold-producing Mines in the district are situated.

The Manager reports:—

"AUCKLAND MINE.—I am now opening up some fine ore worth anywhere from 30 dwts. to 3 ozs. gold per ton of ore. The lode is hard, but rapid progress will be made as soon as the rock drill and compressor plant is in position."

Further information can be obtained on application to Augustus Young and Co., Ltd., Investment Brokers, Balfour House, London, E.C.2.

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Latest Price 2/2

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

Good evenin', sir. . . . Sharin' ? Yes-sir. . . . No, *this* chair, if you please, sir. . . . I 'ope you're well, but I can't say as I'm glad to see you, Mister Balfour. . . . 'Ow's that ? Well, sir, you've got me wind up over this Messypotamia bizniss. I can't make out wots cogue over yer. Yore defence of Lord 'Ardinge an' yore refusal to accep' 'is resignation 'as left a narsty taste in the people's mouth. There ain't no desire to 'ound Lord 'Ardinge outer public life, but the country 'as made up its mind there's goin' to be a proper rekernition of the principle of *responsibility*. Austen Chamberlain saw that an' did the proper thing, although p'raps 'e was less directly responsible than ennybody else fur the Messypotamia murders. But 'e's a chip of the ole block. Lord 'Ardinge wanted ter do the same thing; but you wouldn't let 'im. W'y not ? Becos 'e ain't Viceroy of Injia no longer ? Don't make me larf ! 'E was responsible fur the Messypotamia campaign w'en 'e was Viceroy, wasn't 'e ? Very well, then. The Commission was set up to inquire into the conduct of the campaign, wasn't it ? Quite so. Very well, then. The Commission found 'im responsible fur some o' the short-comin's wot resulted in the death in misery of thousands of brave soljers, didn't it ? Exackly. Very well, then. Now, is 'e to escape 'is responsibility simply becos 'e's gotter 'nother job and ain't Viceroy no longer ? . . . Oh, 'e's *indispensable at the Foreign Office*, is 'e ? Then 'ow did the Foreign Office git along without 'im w'en 'e was Viceroy ? An' 'ow will the Foreign Office git along without 'im w'en 'e's dead ? . . . You sed in the 'Ouse that if 'e went you'd go too. Now, thet ain't patriotic, is it ? Outer sheer

cussedness, you'd chuck up yore job w'ile we're in the thick of an 'ell of a wore ! In this 'ere Messypotamia bizniss you're outer touch with the feelin's of the people. They know their 'usban's, brothers, sons, an' sweet'earts died 'orribly in their thousands out there through the neglect, incompetence, and indifference of the blokes censored in the Report, an' they arsk fur justice. Thet's orl they want—justice. They want see it 'anded out fair orl round. They're given to unnerstand thet the military muddlers will be dealt with by the Army authorities; they see Austen Chamberlain resign; they look to see Lord 'Ardinge do the same—w'en you butt in an' refuse to let 'im go. I tell yer, sir, you ain't done yerself no good. The people read the debates in the 'Ouse, an' don't like the tone of 'em. They look for some expressions of remorse from them responsible fur the awful miseries wot our pore lads 'ad to suffer. Do they find 'em ? Not a bit of it ! The pore chaps wot died out there in filth an' agony seem ter be forgotten. An' w'en they read 'ow, w'en some member referred to this part o' the bizniss, you arsked, "Wot's thet, to do with it ?" it makes 'em mad. To their idea; that's *everythink* to do with it. If an example ain't made of them wot's responsible, w'eres the guarantee thet the same thing won't 'appen again ? I ain't judgin' Lord 'Ardinge. I'm simply goin' by wot the Commission found. I tell yer, sir, the larst 'asn't bin 'eared of orl this. The public 'is a bit more wide awake then it useter be, an' won't be so easily silenced in future . . . I'm sorry I've 'ad to speak plain, sir, but there you are. I say wot I thinks, an' them wot don't like it may lump it. Good evenin' sir—thank you.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BELFAST WEEKLY NEWS" :—

"Charged at West Ham with being an absentee, a driver in the R.F.A. was liberated IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT GET MARRIED. It is understood that NO FURTHER PUNISHMENT WILL BE INFLICTED."

"NORTHERN SCOT" (advertisement) :—

"(non-poisonous) KILLS caterpillars, BERRY BUSHES, CABBAGES."

"DAILY MAIL" (advertisement) :—

"Girls.—Several wanted for spectacle lens grinding; those with a little experience WITH LARGE LAPS preferred."

"CROYDON ADVERTISER" :—

"MOTHERS' Race.—1, Miss —; 2, Mrs. —."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL" (In Memoriam notice) :—

"In loving memory of our dear son, Private —. He nobly answered his country's call, HE GAVE HIS WIFE FOR ONE AND ALL."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" :—

"In LESS than half an hour or MORE there was silence."

"BANDURY ADVERTISER" (advertisement) :—

"A Tender is invited . . . for supplying teas . . . at the Annual Show to be held . . . on Bank Holiday, AUGUST 6TH, 1917. Sealed Tenders to be sent to the undersigned NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1917."

"Pylitna"

Haemorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies. "Pylitna" Powders taken in a little warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure.

A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with doctors."

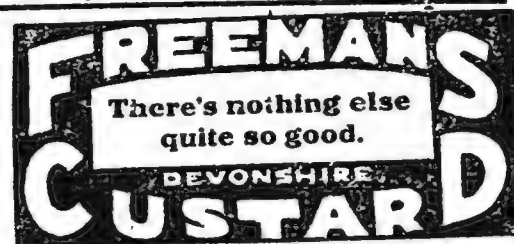
Of all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per box, or from "Pylitna," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. 1.

HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY & BLADDER DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, qualified nurse, says, Drink ordinary saltrated water for permanent results.

This is the time hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. The system becomes loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste and poisonous impurities, which clog the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow stomach, kidney, bladder, and skin troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, back-ache, catarrh, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy, and Bright's disease. Toxins and bacteria excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you are irritable, sleep badly, and have weak nerves from over-work, worry, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level teaspoonful of common refined *alkia saltrates* in a half tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. This pleasant-tasting and remarkably curative substance can be supplied at slight cost by any good chemist.—A. L.

For Rheumatism use Kalsel.—(ADVT.)



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A Special Display on page iii. of Cover.

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TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1916.

Food for the Pigs.

A short time ago we referred to the starving soldiers at Sheppey. The other day thirteen bags of stale bread were lying at the Minster-on-Sea station of the Sheppey Light Railway, consigned to Ipswich for the Farmers' Association. Food for the pigs—food for thought!

A Tip for Southampton.

We would advise the officer in command of the Siege Artillery Signalling Depot at Southampton to cast his eye around and see if he cannot discover where it is possible to make improvements. If necessary, we shall be pleased to direct his gaze.

Part of the Eight Millions.

Some wisacre introduced to the M.T., A.S.C., at St. Albans, a number of lady drivers—for what purpose goodness knows. It means a double staff and loss of at least £25 a week, whilst it has not resulted in any improvement. What hurts Tommy most is that the women are paid more than three times his wages, in addition to 28s. a week billet money—the lady in charge receiving as much as 54s. a week, in addition to the 28s. towards her keep.

Teaching the O.C.

Recently some Mesopotamia soldiers—the bulk of them suffering from malaria—were attached to an R.E. unit near London. During field operations a non-commissioned officer was overpowered by the hot sun and a malaria attack, and slept for an hour in the gorse. The Officer Commanding sentenced him to reduction to the ranks. When we heard of the matter we communicated with the O.C., suggesting that only a court-martial could inflict such a sentence. We are glad to know that the man has been restored to his rank, but regret that the officer in question has not had the courtesy to admit his mistake and reply to our letter.

An Appeal for the Women.

August Bank Holiday, of course, falls on a Monday, which is the pay-day of the wives and dependents of soldiers. We appeal to the authorities to have the separation allowance paid out on the Saturday, as the Post Offices will be closed on the Monday—whilst, even if open, it would be impossible to do any shopping for a day or two.

A Good Egg.

It has been put to us by a cohort of soldiers that bribery, corruption and robbery are rife in the Army, and that a department should be started at the War Office to receive complaints and investigate evidence. Rather a good egg, we think, but too good for a Government department—which would be certain to addle it.

Flouting the War Council.

An Army Council instruction states that leave shall be given to men who can prove serious illness at home, death in the family circle, or a near relative in a combatant branch being back on short leave. We regret to note, however, that these humane directions have been generally disregarded by Commanding Officers, leave being usually refused in such cases.

Teeth Out at Lahore.

A while ago some men of the 2/4 Somerset Light Infantry at Lahore were marked D3 and ordered to have their teeth extracted—being threatened with court-martial in case of refusal. On the other hand, it was guaranteed that, upon compliance, they would have dentures fitted without charge. Some of the men submitted to the ordeal, and were left toothless—to be told soon afterwards that they could not have free artificial teeth, as the Indian Government had cancelled the order! We do not envy the poor fellows—the majority—who cannot afford to pay.

Starving the Tar.

Will the Skipper of H.M.S. *Chatham* let us know why the bread ration of ten ounces per day per man has been cut down to six ounces? The sea air breeds an appetite.

The Amateur and the Professional.

The real old professional bluejacket naturally feels it keenly that the amateurs who have enlisted for the duration of war are receiving more pay than himself. This is a matter with which we intend shortly to deal at length.

"Hard Lying Money."

One of Sir Eric Geddes' first jobs should be to look into the question of "hard lying money"—i.e., payments for extra work—due to the Naval ratings of the Boom Defences at Scapa Flow and other districts. The men were promised it nearly three years ago.

One More for JOHN BULL.

A few weeks ago we pointed out that men of a Minesweeper Division on the East Coast had not been paid their mine-money—in other words, their reward for having, at the peril of their own lives, destroyed these dangers to navigation. We are glad to hear from the men that their claims have in consequence been recognised and the money paid. A good augury for the Boom Defence men!

Changing the Commodore.

Sir Edward Carson has left the wheel at the Admiralty. We must cordially acknowledge that every serious grievance we placed before him was redressed on the spot. Sir Eric Geddes has now taken over the ship, and we hope that he will in this matter follow in Sir Edward's footsteps. We shall have to give Jack a page one week to himself—it is only his due. We do not like the trend of thought in our Fleet, from the Yacht Patrol to the Battleship Divisions. It is not healthy—so we have determined to place the whole case before the Board of Admiralty. Our pledge to Tommy and Jack is sacred. We have been round the coast and know how matters stand.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

For Mrs. Jack.

A gallant bluejacket who perished when H.M.S. *Vanguard* blew up, left a widow about to give another hostage to fortune. She was in distress and placed her story before us. The case was an extremely deserving one, and very naturally we did what we are always pleased to do for the wives or widows of the best friends of our Fund, the Royal Navy sailors and the Mercantile Mariners, to whom the nation owes so much.

Down and Out.

A man was wandering about the streets of London, discharged from the Army with a pension of 7s. a week, an increase being refused by the vaunted War Pensions Committee. The poor fellow is a widower, with a child, and is unable to work. He came to us, and we promptly looked after his case.

A Raid Victim.

Like so many others, a soldier's wife kept her home going by charring. During the last air raid one of her five children was killed and another injured. The woman herself was wounded, and in saving her little ones her hands were so badly burned as to incapacitate her. The case was laid before us, and we gladly helped.

A Waif and Stray.

A soldier, discharged from the Service in ill-health, was managing to exist, awaiting the Pensions Authorities' decision as to the assistance he should get. He, however, fell ill and had to go into the Union Infirmary. On coming out, he found himself without friends until he came to us.

Waiting and Starving.

Discharged on account of gunshot wounds, a man had his papers sent forward to get a pension fixed, but whilst awaiting the pleasure of Chelsea he was starving, with his mother whom he keeps. He came to us, with the usual result.

A Dud Commission.

Refused assistance by the Military Service Civil Liabilities Commission—that extraordinary Bureau in Kingsway—the wife of a soldier was summoned for her rates and threatened with imprisonment. We have been driven to the conclusion that the Commission is one of the "snide" departments which have been put before the public by the politicians at Westminster, with a great blare of trumpets, to make it believe that everything possible is being done for the comfort of our soldiers and their dependents. We paid the poor woman's

rates and saved her from imprisonment—and make a present of the money to the wily mandarins at Imperial House.

One for Us.

We are glad to have been semi-officially informed that, as a direct consequence of our exposure of the dilatoriness of the Pensions Officers under the Excise Department in settling dependent's allowances, this virtually urgent business is to be transferred to a new Department, to be set up immediately. We hope that it will do its work, and do it expeditiously. Under the present system, thousands of families are every day left to starve and risk imprisonment. We do all we can to repair the damage done through the negligence of highly-paid officials, but it means a heavy burden which should not be placed upon our Fund.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Acroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1; D. T. (Brighton), £5; A. E. McD., 2s. 6d.; "Commander H. and Buster," 7s. 6d.; "Maida Vale," 1s.; J. W. (Urosby), 2s. 6d.; G. H. R. (Monkseaton), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (B.E.F.), 2s.; "Rae" (Walthamstow), 10s.; R. P. (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; T. C. G. (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; Sergt. H. T. S. (Seaford), 5s.; C. S. (Wood Green), 2s. 6d.; A. S. (Lewes), 2s.; "Rejected" (Ipswich), 2s.; "A Friend," 5s.; W. T. C. (Barking), 1s.; E. M. C., 1s. 6d.; L. T. (Forest Gate), 6d.; "Good!" 5s.; E. H. (Cobham), 1s.; Mrs. F. (Essex), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "A Small Helper," (Grimsby), 1s.; "Shirley," 10s.; "Hirand," 10s.; M. C. (Edmonton), 2s. 6d.; Capt. and Mrs. I. 10s.; F. H. (Tiverton), 1s.; "Percival" (Devon), 1s.; "Fairplay" (Abbey Wood), 1s.; J. F. C. (Cleethorpes), 1s.; C. H. E., 6d.; Mrs. H., 6d.; J. M., 6d.; E. A. B., 6d.; "Nemo," 6d.; "Competitor," 9d.; Saddler J. S. (B.E.F.), 1s. 9d.; "A Soldier's Daughter," 2s. 6d.; Cpl. S. S. K., 6d.; D. B. (Falkirk), 6d.; A. E. J., 1s.; "3418's Girl," 1s.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.**THE SECRET OF A SIMPLE CURE.**

Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should

CURE THE TROUBLE AT ONCE.

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NEURITIS RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, &c.

It is the only preparation as far as we know which relieves and cures Rheumatoid-Arthritis.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicones give prompt relief and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicones are so effective even from the first dose. They relieve your pains, reduce your swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for chronic cases when all other means have failed.

A RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS CASE.

The Laurels, Eppingham, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,

Just a year ago I had a very severe attack of Rheumatoid-Arthritis, a complaint I had suffered with for over ten years, but had never had it so severe before. I was in bed a long time and could not walk for weeks after, and then only with the aid of a stick. My right leg was quite useless, and I often had a tumble.

One of my boys came to see me, and he was very worried to see such a cripple. Shortly after he sent me a cutting telling of a cure from your "Curicones," and said: "Do try it, Mother, for JOHN BULL would not publish it if it was not genuine." Well, I did try it, and before I had taken six bottles I was able to throw away my stick, and improved every day. I am pleased to say I now do all the work of my cottage and three hours' war work besides every day. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful "Curicones."

It was the doctor who told me the complaint was Rheumatoid-Arthritis, and I had given him up before I started taking the "Curicones."

You are quite at liberty to use my name.—I remain,

Yours truly,

FREE. Send no money. Sign the following and post to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd. (Dept. W.6), 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Please send me your little book, the Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, etc.

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It improves a good figure and it corrects Angular Hips, Protruding Stomach, Too Large Waist, Sagging Bust, Ungainliness, and gives Grace and Flowing Lines of Beauty. It improves the Poise of the Body, the Walk, and the whole appearance wonderfully.

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that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

E. L. (Hammersmith, W.) and OTHERS.—Glad you liked our article. We've read worse ourselves.

M. J. (Cardigan).—"Have you any objection for me to hang Mr. Lloyd George's portrait alongside of yours?" All right, if it's only his portrait.

G. M. (Dumfries).—"Why not give MacDonald, Snowden and Co. free passports to H—?" Wonder if the old Ferryman at the River Styx would object?

A. G. (Granville Sq., W.C.).—The release of the Dublin revolutionaries can be justified only by events which have not yet transpired, and which the amnestied rebels are themselves doing their damndest to forestall. It's a sorry business.

"LIEUTENANT" (8th Batt. Canadians).—"Why is not Northcliffe under close arrest?" Because it is not yet a criminal offence to publish the unvarnished truth in the interest of one's country. As to your cryptic allusion to our "sailing close to the mark," that is what good racing yachtsmen do.

T. B. (Liverpool).—Thanks for a photograph of Corporal Jack Curphy, of the Grenadier Guards, "our next Heavy-Weight Champion." We must keep our eye on Jack.

H. N. (Brighton).—"Next New Year's Honours List known and wagered on in June!" Quite likely. The "waiting list" is generally a mile or two long.

H. B. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—"You propose to 'hit the Germans back' with 'two million balloons with clock bombs, sent all at once when the wind blows that way.' But suppose the wind suddenly changed?"

J. F. F. (Kentish Town).—"I have not read JOHN BULL for the last eight years for nothing." Quite so; but you will admit that it is cheap at a penny a time.

"MARCUS" (London, E.).—"You think 'the parsons sing in the same key as the politicians.'" D flat, of course.

"SOLDIER" (Redcar).—"From aerial incendiary shells I saw in practice, arcs of fire several hundred feet long were emitted." Such shells used instead of shrapnel should do air-raiders a bit of no good.

C. G. L. (Cheshire).—"Many readers besides yourself have found our articles 'a good tonic'; in fact, they are recommended by the Liquor Control Board as an excellent substitute for beer."

Mrs. G. B. (Londoh, N.).—"The woman who turned you out of her shop during the air-raid, because it was her lunch time, deserved a bit of bomb to aid digestion."

JEAN A. M. (Gateshead-on-Tyne), re National Service Women Workers wanted to lend a hand in France, writes: "What girl is going to leave a good berth of 30s. per week and a good home to rough it in a strange country on 28s. per week?" Only girls who, like our gallant volunteer Tommies, think more of their country than of their personal profit and comfort.

Mrs. K. (Bootle).—"So long as those ridiculous sectarian differences exist, we suppose a Protestant is quite justified in refusing to take a Roman Catholic into his house, and a Roman Catholic equally justified in refusing to take in a Protestant. But it's all very sad."

"ANONYMOUS" (London, E.).—"Arnold Lupton would have the coward's peace. We are using all our influence to bring about peace, but it's got to be a peace won by a smashing victory over the detestable foe."

"FAIR PLAY."—"If an impudent shopman tried to explain short weight by saying that a ham we had bought an hour before had lost two ounces through evaporation in that short time, we should pronounce him a pestiferous profiteer, and present him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour."

W. P. W. (Clapham, S.W.).—"Notwithstanding his physical unfitness, our Barber has not yet been called up for service. He is one of the few cripples who have escaped, so you may continue to hear from him from time to time."

S. R. G. (Clapham, S.W.).—"It was very wrong of the Brixton tobacconist to sell a pipe 'suggestive of Hun origin'; although, of course, all pipes are suggestive of the Huns—when they are foul."

Miss B. H. (Ryhope).—"Herewith our 'gracious acknowledgment' of your eight-page letter. Where did you get the sugar to put in your ink?"

M. A. B. (B.E.F., France).—"Always glad to hear from the boys in the trenches. No 'Weeping Willies' out there."

"AN ADMIRER" (Ireland).—"Thanks for your interesting letter. Since you are 'only a girl of 18 years,' please consider yourself kissed with fatherly fervour."

S. H. (Bayswater).—"A caterer at Perivale cuts 30 penny slices of bread from an 11d. loaf." He's wasting his life; tell him to open a ham-and-beef shop.

T. L. (Smethwick).—"The publishers of the pamphlet to which you refer have disappeared, but the matter has been placed in the hands of the Chief Constable of Birmingham."

"WORKING MAN" (Stratford).—"I send you sample of caps our children are wearing. They are taken off the dust-heap and sold for a halfpenny each." You forgot to send sample; perhaps we ought to be thankful.

"ANONYMOUS."—"Cannot agree that in case of raid children in school should be 'sent home.' Knowing how fine most of the teachers are, we trust them in preference to turning the little ones into the street."

J. B. (Birmingham).—"After the war, among the first men released from the colours should be those of about 40 who have left families and businesses." Carried *nem. con.*

Mrs. L. (Sykehouse).—"Thanks for 'sample of hen-corn.' But we are not hens and we aren't peckish."

Mrs. S. A. (Bridgwater).—"Buck up. Look at those eight lovely little ones; their photo is a picture. And hubby's coming home again!"

"ENGINEER" (B.E.F.).—"Any bookseller would get you a Rhyming Dictionary. But we recommend an antibilious pill instead."

"A LOVER OF GOOD MEN" (Golders Green).—"Dear girl, you should love one, and stick to him."

"A SERVICE MAN."—"The fanatical jingo press of which your paper is an excellent specimen." "Excellent" is the only word to which we plead guilty, being neither fanatics nor jingoes.

R. W. (Nottingham).—Pleased to learn that the clerk lately employed by Baker, Halford and Sons succeeded in joining the army, thus ending a painful case.

A. B. (Nottingham).—"Straight in my intentions, I was talking to a girl, when some old (lady) tried to get her away from me." Perhaps the lady wanted you for herself.

SAPPER J. H. W. ("Somewhere in Egypt").—Glasgow, with a population of 784,000 at the last census, is the second city in the United Kingdom; but Liverpool, with 740,000, runs it pretty close.

MRS. DE V. (Great Central).—We cannot say what was the pre-war profession of the officer who was seen to take from under a plate the tip left for a hard-worked waitress. Perhaps he was a Past-Master of the Ancient Order of Graball.

M. L. (Dartford).—There is no need for a law to close all tobacconists' shops on Sundays, for any tobacconist can close on that day if he wishes to. Your lady friend, therefore, has the remedy in her own hands.

G. C. C. (Hoxton, N.) says his wife has begun to express herself in a new language. "She is able at times to utter a language which seems so fluent in this language. Do you think it is important?" Since she doesn't know what she says, and you don't know what she means, it must be very much like parliamentary language, and hence is of no importance.

"V.A.D. NURSE" (Felixstowe).—We understand that the increase in the price of the "Frazerton" nurse aprons is due to the very heavy and continuous rise in the cost of raw materials, and that even at present figures they represent the maximum value for money, whilst the quality is guaranteed.

"BRISTOLIA."—Thanks for your letter containing "the germ of an article,"—and a fine fat microbe too. We will see what can be done.

"MRS. MARK TAPLEY" (Tunbridge Wells).—We are as disgusted as you can be with the sloppy nonsense talked every time a Hun airman receives burial in this country. Thanks for your cheery letter.

E. M. (Cinderford).—If you can prove to us that the child was "beaten and bambused till he fell unconscious," we shall be glad to look into the matter; but we must have strong evidence. Perhaps somebody has been "bambusing" you.

A. W. D. (Wolverhampton).—You seem to have all the ills that flesh is heir to, and about ten more. Appeal should succeed.

MRS. E. HARLEY (16, Queen's Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire).—Glad to hear the £1,000 prize will prove so useful. We note that you collaborated with your aunt, Mrs. L. Hobson, of Manchester, in whose name the successful "Bullet" was entered, and we are interested to learn that your success was the result of persistent effort.

"TOMMY" (Fulham Military Hospital).—"Reading your remarks about Edinbro', I should like to say that the lady conductors round Fulham and Hammersmith are kindness itself to hospital men, and very careful of our safety." Good girls. And good boys.

G. R. D. (City Road).—As Government has commenced to consider your automatic rifle, our best advice is that you follow their instructions. You are luckier than many.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)



How to sweeten
fruit with less sugar.

SUGAR is scarce, but stewed fruit can be amply sweetened by using only half or quarter of the usual quantity of sugar, and serving creamy Bird's Custard with the fruit.

The amount of sugar required for Bird's Custard—2 oz. only—is in itself trifling, yet it has a sweetening effect with fruit and puddings, equalling several times the same quantity of sugar directly used in them.

While, therefore, you must in these war times use less sugar, you need scarcely miss it in fruit and puddings if you serve Bird's Custard with them. And then think how much nicer fruit and puddings are when served with Bird's Custard—how the nutriment is doubled and the enjoyment trebled!

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LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: St. Andrew St., London, E.C.
INVESTED FUNDS £26,400,000
ANNUAL INCOME £2,000,000
INVESTED IN WAR LOAN £1,100,000
Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates.
Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.
ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary

**KEATING'S
POWDER**
KILLS BODY VERMIN
FLEAS MOTH
TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-

See that **Iron-mould Stain?**
One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of iron-mould.

MOVOL
Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc. Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way. A thimbleful in the rinsing water removes the yellow tinge from fine linen. From Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tubes. If you cannot obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube to **W. EDGE & SONS, LTD., Bolton, Lancs.**

GET YOURS TO-DAY

Send your address on a postcard NOW, and get your copy of **H. SAMUEL'S big FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS** in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, &c. Amazing value and FREE PRIZES for all buyers. Send a postcard NOW!

17/6
LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fine jewelled movement, fully warranted. Handsome Nickel Silver Case.

H. SAMUEL, 199 MARKET ST., MANCHESTER. [H. SAMUEL, LTD.]

2ND PRIZE £25	'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250	£10 3RD PRIZE
10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-
	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
		3,000 SPECIAL TARGET-PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—
 Example: IMPUDENT PROPOSAL. Bullet:—SLACKER TO HERO'S DAUGHTER. Example:—TURNING BACK. Bullet:—TRUANT MEETS SCHOOLMASTER. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 13th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN's dated July 28th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 247.

ON THE BRINK CABINET MINISTERS MAKING A SPLASH JUSTICE DARLING WHEN AMATEURS ACT EXPENSIVE HOBBY WHEN MILK ARRIVES RAINY DAYS	TAKING HIM IN KILLJOYS WELCOMING HER BACK MOST DANGEROUS WHEN THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE CAPITAL MANAGER UP TOO LATE PROFITEERING	SEASIDE FLAPPERS BURNING FOR REVENGE WAR RATIONS NOT COMING OUT SHOCKING TURNING BACK LOOKING AFTER BABY IMPUDENT PROPOSAL	KISSING THE MAID FATHER'S LOT JUST AS WELL CLINGING TO OFFICE SLEEPING PARTNER PASSING THE BOTTLE HOT FAVOURITE THE KAISER'S BOAST
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Closing Date, Thursday, August 2nd.	
No.	Example
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(247) P.O. No.	Signed
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.	

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 247. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
 Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 2nd.	
No.	Example
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(247) P.O. No.	Signed
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.	

Closing Date, Thursday, August 2nd.	
No.	Example
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(247) P.O. No.	Signed
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.	

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 248. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 9th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 248 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 248, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 248:

Preparing To Retire	Warning The Public	Thinking It Over	Giving Her Away	Costs More
Standing Round	More Beer	Pickle Maid	By The Sea	Teaching Her Swimming
Price Of Victory	Defence Of London	Losing His Head	Tommy's Pay	Past Redemption
Double Dealing	Father's Mistake	Never Kissed	Drawing It Mild	The Kaiser Dreads

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
 2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
 3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.
 Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
 5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
 6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 244th 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. E. M. NOTTAGE,
7, Aldwych Villas, Greenway,
Uxbridge.

Example:—SHOULD BE PUNISHED.
 Bullet:—BUT "THERE" THEY STOP.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. A. J. STRINGER,
14, Argyle Road,
Wolverhampton.

Example:—TAKING BACK SEAT.
 Bullet:—KILLJOYS WHEN "SPORTS" RETURN.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. DODKIN,
"Glendower," Kings Road,
Binstead, I. of W.

Example:—ANGERS THE KAISER.
 Bullet:—THE "STRUGGLE" TO CONTINUE.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. G. DAVIES, 1, Hutton St., Chorlton Rd., Manchester:
 A BAD MESS—MUST BE IF REJECTED.
 Mr. A. LEE CRAVEN, 11, St. Paul's Road, Withington, Manchester:
 TAKING BACK SEAT—SAFEST AT PEACE MEETINGS.
 Miss AMY HEWITT, 9, Davis Rd., Acton Vale, London, W.:
 ANGERS THE KAISER—"GIVING UP" ALL HOPE.
 Pte. ROGERS, I.R., 10th M.A.C., B.E.F., France:
 AFTER THE FIGHT—HINDENBURG SEES HAIG'S "GAME."
 Mr. W. GOATLEY, 17, Barker Gate, Ilkeston, Derbys:
 AT THE SEASIDE—KAISER'S AMBITION IN FRANCE.
 Mrs. MARY BLACKMORE, "The Oaks," Beckley, E. Sussex:
 HOLDING TIGHT—IF "RIDING HIGH HORSE."
 Mr. A. H. BARRATT, 96, Edward Rd., W. Bridgford, Notts:
 BILLING AND COOING—GOVERNMENT—WHILST PROFITEERS "SQUEEZING."
 Mr. A. JOHNSON, Junr., 3, Waterloo Place, St. Helens, Lancs.:
 BACK TO THE FRONT—POLITICS MUST NEVER COME.
 Mr. W. A. HARRIS, 82, Station Road, Finchley, London:
 MAKING FOR HOME—GERMAN MANUFACTURERS IN FUTURE.
 Mr. E. J. COLES, 116, Folkestone Road, Dover:
 AFTER THE FIGHT—THE PRIMITIVE WEDDING CEREMONY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. WILSON, 35, St. Mary Street, Peterhead:
 ANGERS THE KAISER—PEACE OFFERS—NO SECURITY.
 Mr. JOHN E. CHAMBERS, 85, Nottingham Rd., Ilkeston:
 A BAD MESS—LONDON—UNLESS REPRISALS BEGUN.
 Mr. R. EDGILL, South Grove School, Rotherham, Yorks:
 TAKING BACK SEAT—CURATE WHO ISN'T "PREFERRED."
 Mr. W. MANNING-COLLINS, "Glanmire," Beverley Rd., New Malden:
 A BAD MESS—"STATE" OFTEN "WINKED" AT.
 Mrs. I. COOPER, 30, Brackley Rd., Chiswick, London, W.:
 MAKING HERSELF PLAIN—POLITICIANS PREVENT BRITAIN.
 Miss LILY FARMER, 31, Line Street, Evesham, Worcester:
 A BAD MESS—MAKERS SELDOM CLEAR UP.
 Mr. STEWART L. REID, 54, Gayhurst Rd., Dalston, London:
 ROUGH PASSAGE—PENILESS ON FLAG DAY.
 Mr. T. PORTEOUS, 6, Sidney Street, Salisbury:
 MAKING HERSELF PLAIN—DOESN'T SAVE HOSPITAL SHIP.
 Mrs. K. TIMMS, 3, Kerrison Villas, The Park, Ealing, London:
 BORROWED PLUMES—THE VICAR'S "SPLENDID" SERMON.
 Miss PILKINGTON, c/o Mrs. E. Whittamore, Raglan Street, Hill Top, Eastwood, Notts:
 ANGERS THE KAISER—FATHERLAND BECOMING GRANDFATHERLAND.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize-Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL'S Wonderful Gift Pens

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

STANDARD MODEL, with 1 Coupon,
2s. 9d.; 13 Coupons, 1s. 9d.
Postage 2d.

SAFETY MODEL, with 1 Coupon,
5s.; 13 Coupons, 4s.
Postage 2d.

These pens are the most remarkable value ever offered, and are equal to those sold at prices from 10s. to 15s. each. Every pen is guaranteed, and is fitted with a solid 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, and will last for years.

DE LUXE MODEL, with 1 Coupon,
3s. 9d.; 13 Coupons, 2s. 9d.
Postage 2d.

PRESENTATION MODEL
(De Luxe G.M.),
with 1 Coupon, 6s.; 13 Coupons, 4s.
Postage 2d.



STYLO, with 1 Coupon, 3s.; 13 Coupons, 2s. Postage 2d.

COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 15.

Address Manager, Pen Department, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified dates, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JOSEPH LUSE, Bungalow, Sparsh Hollow, May Bank, Stoke-on-Trent, June 30th. 8,9234.
CPL. THOMAS EDD, R.G.A., 25, Cambridge Road, Shoburness, Essex. July 7th. 330158.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 21st:—

021,324	500,722	647,679	917,006	A268,451
085,344	331,511	663,425	948,679	A321,282
114,156	355,073	690,077	981,024	A357,151
133,237	392,617	703,332	A025,504	A396,696
162,071	428,040	734,213	A074,329	A414,125
180,895	459,945	771,499	A116,096	A468,554
205,161	497,144	836,122	A132,339	A470,463
243,067	517,324	845,359	A199,960	A510,987
258,798	528,248	867,514	A200,117	A531,023
279,130	625,519	898,052	A246,200	A536,147

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 1st).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for July 21, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 046,722 and A481,614. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200	Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200	Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100	Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3		

CRIPPER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed

Address.....

July 28th, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 13 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address

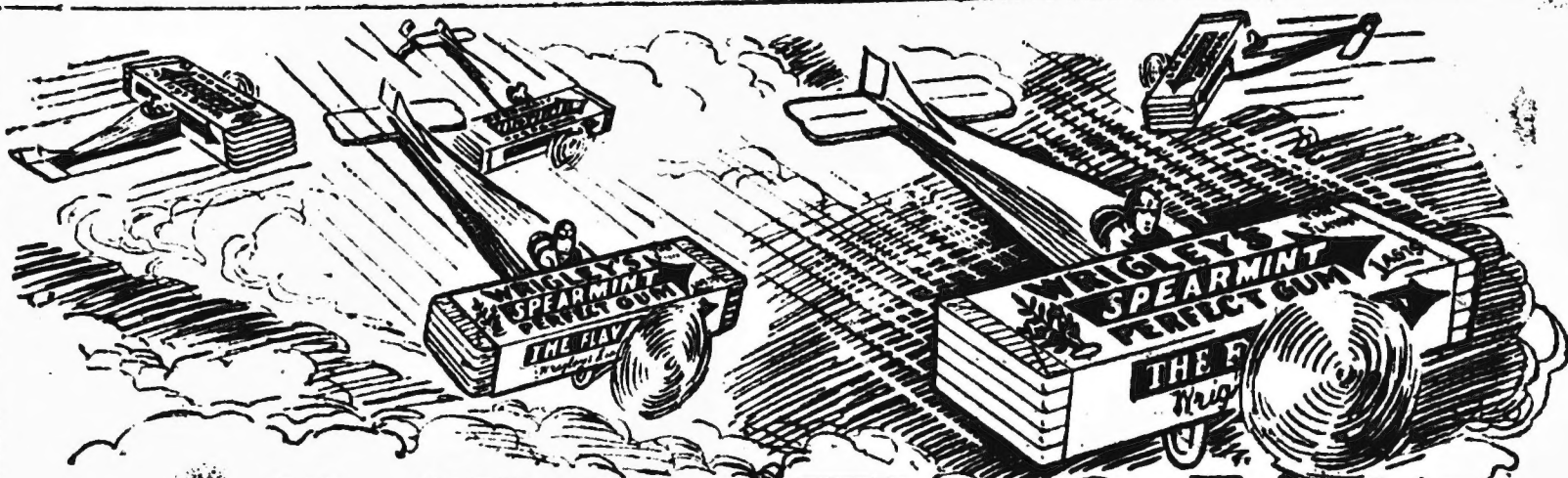
Signature of Insured

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home

July 28th, 1917.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired



A Big Raid!

It is a big Raid on Wrigley's Chewing Gum when the supply from home reaches the boys in Khaki! It is just the kind of Raid every Tommy appreciates when he can make sure of securing a prize.

There has been no greater boon to our Soldiers during this War than Wrigley's Chewing Gum. Praised alike by Doctors, Writers and War Correspondents as being an essential feature of the modern battle-field.

In every letter you send be sure to enclose a packet.
PACKET of 5 bars 2½d.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT
OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON

No Sleep and Afraid to Eat.

Severe Indigestion and Nervousness Cured.



Mrs. Treacher, London

Mrs. Treacher, 5, Norfolk Road, Dalston, London, N.E., says:—"I began to feel very run-down and nervous. I could not eat and my sleep was disturbed and unrefreshing. This condition got worse, till I hardly felt fit for anything. Next I began to go sick after food, my nerves were all of a shake, and the pains in my chest and back really terrible. I had medical advice, and special foods and other things were prescribed, but no good resulted. However, at last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets and they worked wonders. All my pain went, and soon I was as strong and well as ever."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for:
 Nervous Breakdown Nervous Debility Indigestion Palpitation
 Nerve Paralysis Sleeplessness Stomach Disorder Premature Decay
 Spinal Paralysis Anemia Mal-Nutrition Loss of Flesh
 Infantile Paralysis Kidney Trouble Wasting Diseases Brain Fog
 Especially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.
 Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.
 Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

BEWARE of imitations said to contain hypophosphites. The composition of Dr. Cassell's Tablets is known only to the Proprietors, and no imitation can ever be the same.

FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: Dept. C.355, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).